

H Y M N S

A N D

Spiritual Songs.

B Y

ANDREW KESSELL

Praise ye the Lord; Praise ye the name of the Lord: Praise him, O ye servants of the Lord. Praise ye the Lord, for the Lord is good: Sing Praises unto his name for it is pleasant.

Psa. 135. 1. 3.



F A L M O U T H:

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ERRATA.

- Page 22, line 2, for I may, read May I
30, 8, for Where all as one voice,
read Where myriads are bringing,
ib. 9, read Their tribute, and singing,
33, 1, omit the word all
49, 5, for around, read aloud
61, 2, for to thee, read from me
67, 17, for grace, read sov'reign grace
82, 22, for the, read they
86, 10, for To, read Who
112, 19, add the word not
129, 5, for blest abode, read bliss above
158, 6, for voice, read songs
159, 7, for way, read why
ib. 15, for us so great, read at such rate.

T O T H E
R E A D E R.

HAVING been often solicited by many of my Christian Friends to publish some of my Hymns, I have been at length prevailed on, to send forth a few of them. But I must beg leave to drop this caution, that they were not intended for the inspection of Critics. Therefore if the should fall into the hands of such, they may spare their remarks. They are designed only for the use of plain simple-hearted Christians. To such therefore I would just observe, that the most of those Hymns were writ from the feelings and workings of my own mind, under the influence (I trust) of divine grace: and therefore, I think, I may truly say, they are the fruit and expression of my own experience in the ways of God.

This,

ii. To the R E A D E R:

This, being the case, and also, having frequently found them in the perusal, quickening to my own soul; I have been inclined to hope that the same divine blessing may attend them to others of the weak and poor of the flock. To such I dedicate this my feeble attempt; with my prayers to the God of all grace, who despiseth not the sincere efforts of the meanest and weakest of his servants to promote his glory, for his blessing hereon.

ANDREW KESSELL.

MEVAGISSEY;

October 1st, 1787.

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H Y M N S, &c.

A DEDICATION.

H Y M N I.

1 **S** EARCHER of hearts, loof'ner of
tongues,
Who know'st thy every creature's view;
To thee I dedicate my songs,
And to thy glory all would do.

2 Thou prince of all the kings on earth,
Sov'reign most glorious, great and good:
In all my grief, and all my mirth,
Be all my pow'rs for thee employ'd.

3 With ardency of soul I pray,
"Lord help me thro' this whole design."
My tribute then I'll gladly pay,
For all the GLORY shall be thine.

For

4 For COUNTLESS favours from thy throne
 Already heap'd on worthless ME;
 Thou TRUE RIGHT-HONOURABLE ONE
 I dedicate my works to THEE.

5 On thee alone I cast my care;
 Assist, accept, and bless my plan:
 I then, will neither COURT, nor FEAR,
 The censure or applause of MAN.

Another Dedication.

H Y M N II.

1. **F**ATHER of divine compassion,
 Do not my attempts despise;
 Let my humble dedication
 Be accepted in thine eyes:
 Thy acceptance
 More than all the world's I prize.

2 Help me through this undertaking,
 Useless else the work will be;
 Let the songs I now am making
 Flow from thy good spirit free:
 Then receive them,
 Take what first came down from thee.

Not

3 Not sublime, elab'rate chatter,
 Wounding souls, to please the ear;
 But divine, substantial matter,
 Nervous, spiritual, and clear:
 In this language
 Let me to thy SAINTS appear.

4 While the worldlings sue for favour,
 Then inscribe their works to man;
 None bestows like thee my favour,
 Since my being first began!
 Thou art worthy,
 All I have; — or am: — or can.

5 Hear me then, who cries unceasing,
 (Is it not thy spirit's cry?)
 Lord, attend me with thy blessing,
 While I sing, do thou apply;
 Then, we'll praise thee,
 Every one that's bless'd hereby.

6 Yes; I feel my hopes are springing!
 Dying LOVE shall be my theme;
 While of this I travel singing,
 Kindred souls shall catch the flame!
 I shall help them
 To extol the SLAUGHTER'D LAMB.

For the Sabbath.

H Y M N III.

1 **L**ORD, we praise thee for the blessing
 Of another sabbath day;
 Still we prove thy love unceasing,
 While we join to praise and pray:
 O how easy
 Love's commands are to obey!

2 While thy favours here are given,
 When thou dost to us draw near,
 This we prove the gate of heaven!
 Feeling rapture mixt with fear!
 Lo! we triumph,
 Lord 'tis pleasant to be here!

3 Who that lives can chuse but love thee?
 (Fairer than the sons of men)
 While from day to day we prove thee,
 Shewing thy auspicious reign:
 Precious saviour!
 Lov'd by thee we love again.

4 O! what fights doth FAITH discover!
On this day and in this place!

Lo!

Lo! thou mak'st our cup run over,
 In the kingdom of thy GRACE!
 O what fullness,
 When we see thee FACE to FACE!

5 There, our PRIEST, our elder BROTHER;
 Mansions doth for us prepare!
 Up we soon shall mount together,
 Meet the SAVIOUR in the air!
 Pain, nor parting,
 Sin, nor death can enter there.

Another.

H Y M N IV.

1 **G**LORY to thee alone,
 Thou giver of ALL good;
 Thy bounteous hand we own
 This blessing hath bestow'd;
 With joy we thy command obey,
 Rememb'ring now the sabbath day.

2 While angels shout aloud,
 In their most bright abode;

We

We hallelujah cry!

“ SALVATION TO OUR GOD! ”

This is the day the Lord hath made,
Let all in heav'n and earth be glad.

3 Thou dost to man draw near,
On this glad day of rest;
Through Jesus here we share
A gracious gospel feast!
While in the CAMP thy praise we sing,
We hear the shouting of a king!

4 On Sion's holy hill
Thy presence still is seen!
O let thy GLORY fill
The place we now are in:
That all may shout while thou art near,
'Tis good, 'tis pleasant to be here.

5 So shall this sabbath be
An earnest of that bliss,
We eye to eye shall see,
And INWARDLY possess!
And from that soul-transporting scene,
Drink EVERLASTING pleasures in!

O praise GOD in his Holiness.

H Y M N V.

1 **O** Praise GOD your great creator;
Praise him for his ACTS of GRACE;
Praise him, every breathing creature,
Praise him, in his holiness:
Hearts and voices,
Let your all his praise express.

2 All that breathe unite in praises :
To your GOD your tribute bring:
But MANKIND redeem'd by JESUS,
They aloud should praises sing!
But his subjects,
Louder still should praise their king.

3 See the LOVE in our creation
Of our great and glorious GOD;
See it more in preservation,
Through his numerous gifts bestow'd!
But REDEMPTION,
Proves, and SEALS his LOVE with BLOOD!

4 O that MEN would still be praising⁺
GOD, the giver of all GRACE;
Freely

Freely every gift and blessing,
 Comes to all the human race:
 Ransom'd sinners!
 Render him your grateful praise.

5 Let your souls aspire in singing,
 Tow'ring to yon bright abode;
 There they bring, and still are bringing:
 New made anthems, sweet and loud:
 Hark! they join us!
 Hallelujah to OUR GOD!

6 Sing we then, of his salvation,
 Who salvation offers all;
 Praise him every tongue and nation,
 Mercies do for praises call:
 Shout in concert;
 Join to praise the Lord—MY SOUL.

Herein perceive we the Love of God.

H Y M N VI.

1 **R**EDEEMING God, what hast
 thou done!
 How great thy LOVE! how free thy GRACE!
 Laid

Laid down thy life, thereby t'atone,
For fallen Adam's GUILTY RACE!

2 Like sheep we ALL have gone astray,
By SIN ourselves to Satan sold!
But thou hast fought, and found the prey,
And seiz'd, and brought us to thy FOLD!

3 Nor hast thou only spoil'd our foes,
But pacify'd an angry GOD;
From death triumphantly arose,
And plead'st the merit of thy BLOOD.

4 Now righteousness and truth are met!
And heav'n on earth hath sweetly smil'd!
Justice and mercy strangely greet!
And God and man are reconcil'd!

5 Now man an intercourse may find;
CHRIST is the WAY, and GOD is LOVE!
Showers of blessings on mankind
Come streaming from the fount above!

6 A glorious prospect FAITH beholds!
Delightful views thro' CHRIST are giv'n!
The veil removes! the gate unfolds!
And lo! we see an op'ning heaven!

B

Jesus,

7 Jesus, accept our grateful songs,
Thro' thee our ev'ry blessing came;
With raptur'd hearts, and loosen'd tongues,
we cry "SALVATION TO THE LAMB."

Publick Worship.

H Y M N VII.

1 **O** Thou that hearest pray'r,
Behold us at thy feet;
Now let us prove thy presence here,
Where two or three are met.

2 Thy promise, Lord, we plead,
Nor can we plead in vain;
Thou never said'st to Israel's seed
"Seek ye my face in vain."

3 "Seek and your souls shall live"
So runs thy faithful word;
We come the blessing to receive,
We come to seek the Lord.

4 Let us who seek thee find,
We ask let GRACE be giv'n;
Come,

Come, O thou life of lost mankind,
Thou bread sent down from heav'n.

5 O let it now be shown
How TRUE, how GOOD thou art;
Lord send a gracious answer down,
In every waiting heart.

Part the Second.

6 Glory to thee alone
Thou GOD of boundless grace,
Who dost refreshing show'rs send down!
From thy most glorious face.

7 While in thy courts we are,
And thy sweet smiles are giv'n,
The blifs thy earthly churches share
Is near a-kin to heav'n.

8 Where'er thy PEOPLE meet,
And join in sweet accord;
In heavenly places lo they sit!
With their REDEEMING LORD.

9 Thy bright transfigur'd face,
On TABOR still is seen!

And

And then in rapt'rous songs of praise,
Our loosen'd tongues begin

10 " 'Tis good that we are here,
" Assembled in thy ways;
" Thou who hast heard our mutual pray'r,
" Shalt have our mutual praise."

This is the Heritage of the Servants of God.

H Y M N. VIII.

1 **O** What an heritage by GRACE,
GOD'S PEOPLE share below!
Who JESUS trust, and love his ways,
And his SALVATION KNOW.

2 The Lord of Hosts their portion is!
Their husband, king, and God:
And tasting here eternal bliss,
They travel Zion's road!

3 Within the cov'nant of his love,
Of every blessing sure!
And while they his protection prove
They keep from SIN secure.

Kept

4 Kept by the Pow'r of GOD they are,
Who cov'nant to be his!
Angelic happiness they share!
And live and die in peace!

5 But O! what bliss beyond the skies,
Expands the ravish'd soul!
And by and by, the FLESH shall rise,
And both of Joy be FULL.

6 Who would not in his service go
Thro' earthly toils and strife?
Who gives an hundred-fold below,
And then——ETERNAL LIFE!

7 Great GOD, to thee with one accord
Let all our hearts incline:
O may we take thee for OUR LORD;
And be for ever THINE.

He will abundantly pardon.

H Y M N IX.

1 **Y**E whose hearts the Lord do fear,
I invite you come and hear;
While

While my ways, and God's I trace,
All my vileness, all his grace!

2 Bent, e'en from the womb to stray,
I pursu'd the downward way;
I the reason cannot tell
Why I am not plung'd in hell!

3 Lo! the moving cause is God,
Who hedg'd up with thorns my road;
Nature would have all broke thro'
But---'twas more than I could do.

4 Satan fiercely me pursu'd,
Thirsting for my tainted blood;
But, his cunning mixt with pow'r
Could not helpless me devour!

5 Now the body's pain I felt,
Then, the conscience press'd with guilt;
While the LAW the CURSE laid on,
JUSTICE thunder'd "cut it down."

Part the Second.

6 Now to DUTIES straight I ran;
Yes, I'll be another man:

Daub'd

Daub'd, and built upon the sand;
God pronounc'd "it shall not stand."

7 While from means to means I rov'd,
All attempts abortive prov'd;
All, as FILTHY RAGS appear'd,
Still, an angry God I fear'd.

8 Pray'rs and tears no aid could lend,
Brought at last to my wit's end!
Jesus whisper'd, "look to me!
"I alone make captives free."

9 Satan cry'd 'tis all a cheat,
Nature join'd, the gift's too great:
Jesus cry'd "I give as God,
"See! I prove it with my blood."

10 I no longer could withstand,
Conquer'd by his mighty hand!
Lo! the Lord his ARM reveal'd!
By his stripes my soul was heal'd!

Part the Third.

11 Brought out of the horrid pit,
Sat upon a Rock my feet!

Jesu's

Jesu's arm the snare had broke,
Freed my soul from Satan's yoke!

12 Now I sung thou slaughter'd Lamb,
I will bless thy saving name;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Worthy thou of all my praise.

13 Now with open'd eyes I see
Jesus saves the lost like me!
Me, the vilest of my race,
Prove abounding, grace on grace!

14 High as heav'n from earth is found,
Grace doth more than sin abound;
GRACE, mysterious, great, and free,
Comes unsought to worthless ME!

15 Never shall my praises end,
O thou ONLY sinners friend;
All eternity shall be
Spent in grateful songs to thee!

Part the Fourth.

16 Thus the love of Christ I prov'd!
Heard him call me "well belov'd!"

"From

“ From thy thralldom I reſtore;
 “ Go in peace; and SIN NO MORE!”

17 O! 'tis eaſy terms, I ſaid,
 Thy commands ſhall be obey'd:
 Wiſdom's ways will I begin;
 Love and praiſe—but NEVER SIN.

18 Born of God, to Jeſus join'd,
 Heav'n-ward is my ſoul inclin'd;
 Can I, Lord, in ſuch a ſtate,
 Dare to act, what thou doſt hate?

19 No, my GOD, it cannot be.
 Move I can't now join'd to thee,
 Thou haſt made my hill ſo ſtrong,
 I'll engage the adverſe throng.

20 Stand forth all ye pow'rs of hell;
 Single, I ſhall you repell:
 All ſhall fall, by ME ſubdu'd:
 Who can harm a child of GOD?

Part the Fifth.

21 But alas, I ſoon did feel
 I had Adam's nature ſtill:

C

Chang'd

Chang'd indeed; but chang'd in part;
Bearing a DECEITFUL heart.

22 Tho' averse to outward sin,
PRIDE and INDOLENCE crept in;
Soon the subtle serpent came,
Blew the spark into a flame.

23 Now the pow'rs of hell combin'd,
World, and flesh, and Devil join'd!
Who could combat them in field?
Mighty I, was led to yield.

24 Yet, in this unequal strife,
I retain'd some inward life:
Fallen, wounded, gasping, tied;
Where's my CAPTAIN? (foe) I cry'd.

25 Tho' thou hast on me got hold,
Thro' my straggling from the fold;
Not so soon CHRIST'S SOLDIER dies,
Tho' I fall, I shall arise.

26 Not thy SERVANT, if thy SLAVE;
Jesus can, and will me save;
His I am, and his WILL be:
JESUS; come, and rescue me!

Part

Part the Sixth.

27 O how soon didst thou appear!
And the prey from Satan tear;
Seiz'd me with a grasp divine!
Whisp'ring to me, "thou art MINE!"

28 "I permitted this, to hide
"From thy foolish heart thy pride;
"Learn to feel, as well as know,
"Without ME thou nought canst do.

29 "Tho' I send thee present aid,
"Nor condemn thee, nor upbraid;
"Yet, remember, while I'm God
"Sin I'll visit with a rod.

30 "Sin the object of my hate,
"I will punish soon or late:
"Better motives thee should move;
"Conquer'd by REDEEMING LOVE.

31 "On my arm alone rely;
"Keep thy Captain in thine eye;
"Proof of love is to obey:
"Mind my precept, WATCH and PRAY."

Part

Part the Seventh.

32 Lord what mild correction's this!
Mingled with a friendly kiss!
Saviour, how can I refrain,
Lov'd; so LOV'D! but love again?

33 JESU's name be all my boast,
Here may I forever trust;
He is mighty to redeem:
None can fail who trust in him.

34 Come, poor sinful, tempted soul,
Full of guilt; or more than full:
Let not one of Adam's race
Question, all-sufficient grace.

35 Wash in the atoning blood
Of the mighty, mighty God:
Let not one that's out of hell
Doubt, its sov'reignty to heal.

36 Thousands, miriads round the throne,
Jesus for their SAVIOUR own:
Venture, soul and body too,
Prove, with ME, what GOD can do.

Part

Part the Eighth.

37 May the faithful saints of God
View this way-mark in their road:
May MY fall a caution be
Least they smart for sin like ME.

38 Yet, let every child of grace,
Brought by sin in soul distress,
Make THE COVENANT their plea,
JESUS is not yea and nay.

39 With his fear put in their heart,
And his words "I'll ne'er depart,"
Here is beauty! there are bands;
None can pluck them from his hands.

40 Trust in JESU's strength alone;
Evermore discard your own;
Never, never SELF esteem:
Glory, glory still in him.

Part the Ninth.

41 Never, never may I cease,
My incarnate GOD to praise:
Thro' this wilderness below,
Publishing his fame I'll go.

And

42 And when near my journey's end
I may Jesu's love commend;
'Stablish'd with a gospel hope!
Standing on mount Pisga's top!

43 Then, when death this frame assails,
View the everlasting hills!
All my vast inheritance!
Jesu's dying recompence.

44 JESU then in Jordan stand,
With the COV'NANT in thy hand
With the promis'd land in view!
Safe do thou conduct me through.

Looking unto JESUS.

H Y M N X.

I **Y**E who go thro' tribulations,
In your gracious Master's cause;
Toils without, within temptations,
Bearing after Christ the cross:
Look to Jesus!
He like mortals tempted was.

Pore

2 Pore not on the dismal story
 "How shall I this world pass thro'?"
 That ETERNAL WEIGHT OF GLORY,
 See by faith's perspective view!
 Jesu's foll'wers,
 Must all reign with Jesus too!

3 Let your eye of faith discover
 Him who once for you was slain!
 All his suff'rings now are over;
 Every conflict, grief, and pain:
 All triumphant,
 Jesus is gone up to reign.

4 Tow'ring rise, in sacred pleasure,
 To his glorious, blest abode;
 If you have in heav'n your treasure,
 Let your hearts ascend to God:
 Cleave to Jesus,
 Who hath purchas'd you with BLOOD.

5 While your Saviour's arm embraces,
 Ev'ry earthly toil forget:
 Now by FAITH, in heav'nly places,
 With your great fore-runner sit!
 Heav'n is open!
 Now, your first-born brethren greet!
 While

6 While the scene is thus unfolding
 Who would basely cleave to dust:
 Live ye faithful, still beholding
 Your reserv'd ETERNAL REST!
 Bliss awaits you!
 Bliss which cannot be express'd.

7 Lo! we now are come to Zion,
 By the DOOR we enter in:
 Hark! while angel-quires are crying;
 Saints made perfect, they begin,
 Hallelujah!
 Christ hath wash'd us from our sin.

8 Angels glory in his favour,
 Who both made and kept his own;
 Saints extol their PRECIOUS SAVIOUR,
 Of their FLESH and of their BONE,
 Then in concert!
 "GOD and heaven is all our OWN."

9 O! what dignity and honour
 Jesus doth to his afford!
 Our exalted great fore-runner
 Hath proclaim'd the faithful word,
 Ev'ry servant
 Shall be like, and with his LORD,

Publick Worship.

H Y M N XI.

1 **L**ORD, thy presence is invited
 By thy feeble foll'wers here;
 See us in thy name united,
 Let us now thy faith draw near:
 Grant thy promise,
 In the midst do thou appear.

2 Thou, alone canst here suffice us,
 Infinite our spirits, see!
 But, thou art the holy Jesus,
 And all fullness dwells in thee:
 O! how suited,
 To the wants of all!---and ME!

3 Breathe upon us by thy spirit,
 Say to each dead sinner "live:"
 Let us share thy dying merit,
 Let us in thy name believe:
 Holy Jesus,
 All thy great salvation give.

4 Let us prove thee sweetly coming,
 Leaping o'er the mountains now,

D

Heart-

Heart-attracting, sin-consuming,
Soul-converting Saviour thou;
Loft in wonder,
See us at thy foot-stool bow!

I will arise and go to my Father.

H Y M N XII.

1 **O** Thou lover of men,
I approach thee again,
And to make supplication I dare:
'Tis great favours of old
Makes a beggar so bold,
I have prov'd thee a GOD hearing pray'r.

2 A base prodigal son,
From thy house I did run,
And my portion have squander'd away!
I for happiness try'd,
While each creature deny'd;
Then, NECESSITY drove me to pray.

3 "Holy Father---but O!
"Can I dare call thee so?
"I'm unworthy the name of a son:

"Let

“ Tho’ my labour be hard,
 “ Or but small my reward,
 “ Yet---receive me;---or---I am undone.”

4 While I trembled and fear’d
 Scarcely hop’d to be heard;
 Yea, upbraided for acting amiss:
 Nought of this did I hear,
 But, “ SON BE OF GOOD CHEER!”
 And embrac’d with a fatherly kiss!

5 With a pardon so great,
 Overcome at his feet!
 “I’m unworthy” I cry’d, “to be own’d!”
 Still, thy love was express’d,
 Bring the ROBE! make a FEAST!
 For my Son, he was LOST, and is found!

6 While I ponder and tell
 What thou THEN didst reveal,
 Thy past favours as present appear!
 Thy great goodness I view,
 And thy PROMISE so true:
 “While they call,--and before, I will hear!”

7 Thus again, and again,
 Thou my wants dost sustain,
 And repeated thy favours I see!

I look

I look backward and view,
And thy Love recurs new,
As the DAY OF ESPOUSALS to me!

8 Yes, I purpose to pray
For thy PRESENCE to day;
Let thy presence my soul Lord o'erpow'r!
May I nothing desire!
But to gaze and admire,
And give thanks, and exult, and adore!

9 May I ever proclaim
'Tis by GRACE what I am
Him love MUCH, who so MUCH has forgiv'n!
All my strength and my days,
May I spend in thy praise,
And ETERNALLY praise thee in heav'n.

Holy Emulation.

H Y M N XIII.

1 **Y**E servants of God,
Redeem'd by his blood;
To you it is giv'n
To raise ——— your lays,
Of sweet hallelujahs and praise,
In concert to sing with angels in heav'n:
Our

Our Saviour and theirs
We all are joint-heirs!

His purchase we claim;
And while they are crying;
Let us be still vieing,

In this happy theme:
The LAMB on the throne,
Hath made us his own!

ALL GLORY TO HIM.

2 Then let us look up
To that blessed hope,
By FAITH and by LOVE,
Be bold, ——— lay hold,

The prospect doth sweetly unfold!
The mansions are fair, and laid up above:
For us is prepar'd

A glorious reward;
And shall we not sing?
Our glorify'd JESUS
Delighteth to bless us!

His CONSORT to bring
To his Father's house,
Then let his OWN SPOUSE,
Cry, JESUS IS KING.

3 E'en now doth come down,
A drop from the throne!

Which

Which Jesus imparts:
 What's this? ——— it is
 A fore-taste of heavenly bliss;
 When God sheds abroad his Love in our
 He makes it appear (hearts!
 We shortly shall share
 That glorious abode;
 Where all as one voice,
 In concert rejoice,
 Harmonious and loud;
 "All glory to him
 "Who did us REDEEM,
 "SALVATION TO GOD."

Before Preaching.

H Y M N XIV.

BE present Lord whene'er we meet,
 And let thy promis'd aid be giv'n;
 So will we cry while at thy feet,
 Surely this is the gate of heav'n.

After Preaching.

H Y M N XV.

LORD, thy love is vastly sweeter
 Than this world, and all therein;
 One day in thy house, is better
 Than ten-thousand days in sin;
 With thy presence,
 Here, we heav'n on earth begin.

Spiritual Songs.

Invitation to Thankfulness.

H Y M N XVI.

I COME, all whom the Son hath
 made free,
 And lift up your heart, with your voice;
 Can creatures so favour'd as we,
 Refrain to give thanks and rejoice?

It

It is a good thing to give praise
 For benefits **FREELY** bestow'd,
 The grateful augmenteth their grace,
 And also gives glory to God.

2 Let this be our daily employ
 To dwell on the **LAMB** and his **BLOOD**;
 Who sprang into misery, from joy,
 To turn us from Satan to God!
 His wond'rous unsearchable grace
 Which freely to rebels is giv'n,
 O! let it inspire us to praise;
 And live like the angels in heav'n.

3 Let all that have breath then proclaim
 Their **MAKER**, who gave them that breath;
 Let all the redeem'd of the **LAMB**,
 Adore him in life and in death:
 Let all whom the **SPIRIT** inspires
 To thirst, and partake of his grace,
 Not only present their desires,
 But render Jehovah the praise.

4 The glorious the mystical **THREE**
 Who live to bear record in heav'n,
 One God, and three Persons, agree
 Salvation to man should be giv'n:

And

And shall not all the ransomed race,
Cry like many waters aloud;
" All glory to God for his grace
" Thanksgiving, Salvation to God."

Another.

H Y M N X V I I .

1 **R**ANSOM'D sinners sing the praises
Of your dear redeeming God;
Hymn, with joy, the HOLY JESUS,
Who hath purchas'd you with blood:
Dwell on this delightful theme,
Shout the dear IMMANUEL's name.

2 He the pow'rful word hath spoken,
" I redeem'd them, mine they are."
With that word the snare is broken,
Satan struck with panic fear!
This is glorious liberty!
Christ the SON hath made us free!

3 Ye who know the joyful tidings
Let your breasts with rapture swell;

E

JESUS

JESUS COMES! with man residing,
Comes, with SINFUL man to dwell!
Makes the faithful his abode,
Temples of the living God.

4 For this wonderful compassion
(Far surpassing human thought)
Let us praise with exultation
Him who our salvation wrought!
JESUS, full of truth and grace,
Worthy thou of all our praise.

5 O that worldlings knew our pleasure!
While we walk in Christ the WAY;
We possess an heav'nly treasure,
In an earthly house of clay!
But---what bliss before us lies,
Tho' 'tis veil'd beyond the skies!

6 Hark! while angel-quires are bringing
Rapt'rous praises, round the throne!
Let us come to Zion singing;
Their, and our, delights are one!
Grateful songs our mutual mirth,
They in heav'n and we on earth.

Another.

H Y M N XVIII.

1 **C**OME, brethren, lift up each your
voice,

And let it arise from the heart;
While angels in glory rejoice,
Let mortals on earth bear a part;
While they their sweet symphonies sing,
In loud hallelujahs to God!
We'll sing of IMMANUEL, OUR KING,
Who ransom'd our souls with his blood!

2 Our JESUS, the sacrific'd LAMB,
What mercy to MAN hath he shewn!
When down from his glory he came,
And did for such rebels atone!
All guilty, and helpless were we,
And so must FOREVER have lain,
But CHRIST to recover the prey,
E'en gave up himself to be slain.

3 But, lo! thou art risen again!
(And we thro' thy rising arose)
Gone up to thy kingdom to reign,
And made, for thy foot-stool, thy foes:
Thou

Thou dost for thy followers pray,
The COMFORTER now is come down!
Thou art the accessible WAY,
To go in and out to the throne!

4 Thy praises we gladly repeat,
And vie with the angels above;
They have not had favour so great,
And should not we feel greater love?
We yield thee our heartiest praise,
All we have receiv'd, wou'd impart;
And hope to abound in our lays,
When thee we behold AS THOU ART.

Salvation.

H Y M N XIX.

1 **S**ALVATION! now begin the song;
Nor from the theme depart:
O! let it warble ev'ry tongue,
And gladden every heart.

2 Salvation; let the tidings ring!
(Procur'd by blood divine)
Of this salvation will I sing,
And claim the blessing MINE!

Salvation

3 Salvation PRESENT; life, and pow'r,
Pardon, and peace is giv'n;
Salvation FUTURE; kept in store,
Reserv'd for us in heav'n;

4 Salvation, BOUNDLESS! grasping in
The vilest of our race!
Salvation GREAT; from EV'RY SIN,
Salvation FREE—by GRACE!

5 Salvation, who its DEPTH can tell?
Or, at its SUMMIT guess?
Salvation from the lowest hell,
To heighths of GLORIOUS BLISS!

6 Salvation, STEDFAST, as the throne,
Of GOD, which CANNOT move!
Lasting, as him who sits thereon,
The GOD of TRUTH, and LOVE!

7 Salvation shall employ our tongue
When bliss COMPLEAT is giv'n:
Salvation, is the saints' new song,
When round the throne in heav'n.

8 Salvation, is the darling theme,
Which ALL shall shout aloud;
"Salvation to the slaughter'd LAMB,
"SALVATION TO OUR GOD."

The great Salvation.

H Y M N XX.

1 **W**HAT man, or angel, can display
 the favour
 Of the GOD-MAN; who proves a dying
 saviour!
 Purchas'd for rebels, lost, by foul trans-
 gression,

The GREAT salvation.

2 This the salvation of a true believer;
 Precious, great, glorious, stedfast and for-
 ever;
 All flows thro' JESU's bitter bloody-passion;
 PRECIOUS salvation!

3 Not for OUR doings; wholly by another;
 Bought by the labours of our ELDER BRO-
 THER!
 His will bequeaths the bountiful donation!
 PURCHAS'D salvation!

4 This is the kingdom, NEVER to be moved,
 Loving the Saviour, and of him beloved;
 Uninterrupted; free of all cessation,
 STEDFAST salvation!
 Thro'

5 Thro' our Immanuel HERE in part 'tis
given,

But! what to view him eye to eye in heaven!
All that he purchas'd, taken in possession!
GLORIOUS salvation!

6 This great and glorious bliss that never
ceases,

All is possess'd in LOOKING UNTO JESUS!
We HAVE, and HOLD it, during his duration,
ENDLESS salvation!

7 Now unto him who us so greatly loved,
And hath his kindness by his dying proved;
Let all that breathe throughout the vast
creation

Ascribe SALVATION!

Desiring to Praise God.

H Y M N XXI.

1 **W**HAT shall I render to the Lord,
Who doth his benefits afford,
Innumerable, great, and free;
Blessings for body and for soul,
Are poured out before I call,
On worthless hell-deserving ME.

Thou

2 Thou didst at first my being give,
And still by thee I move and live;
But, O! how darken'd still my eyes!
I sleep, and wake, and eat, and drink,
Yet seldom of the donor think,
Who each returning want supplies!

3 Bent from the womb, thou know'st, to stray,
Resolv'd to follow my own way,
Conforming to a thoughtless race:
Why didst thou for the careless care?
And all my forward manners bear,
While passing thro' the wilderness?

4 Thy judgments oft' to me drew near,
And call'd my neighbours to thy bar,
Into the unknown, vast profound!
Numbers at right and left, they fell;
And left a sinner out of hell,
A barren 'cumb'rer of the ground!

5 But, O! the blessings grac'ous Lord!
Reveal'd in thy most holy word!
SALVATION for a guilty race!
Salvation, flowing thro' the blood
OF JESUS MY INCARNATE GOD!
Salvation, freely, all by GRACE.

Lord,

6 Lord can such blessings be in vain?
Shall I insensible remain?

Shall neither threats nor mercies move?
No, since thy matchless grace I know,
I'll praise thee with my pow'rs below;
And praise in NOBLER strains above.

Invitation to Gratitude.

H Y M N XXII.

1 MY heart shall indite
With grateful delight,
A theme that is good;
My skill——I will,
Exert with affection and zeal;
In praise of the Lamb who shed his heart's
Yes, I NEVER will end, (blood!
To extol and commend,
My JESUS's fame;
The angels in glory
Repeat the glad story;
My bliss is the same!
Hark! hark how they shout,
All heaven throughout,
To God and the LAMB!

F

Ye

2 Ye children of grace,
 Assist me to praise,
 Our God to adore;
 Your aid ——— I need,
 Whose spirits by GRACE are new made,
 Redeem'd by his BLOOD, preserv'd by his
 Let us gladly accord (pow'r:
 To delight in the Lord,
 Transporting the theme!
 My spirit rejoices,
 Inviting more voices,
 To blow up the flame!
 Hark! hark, &c.

3 Look forward, and share
 The happiness there,
 Where Jesus is gone!
 Our prop———our hope,
 Our treasure, and heart is gone up;
 Our Saviour, our God, our flesh, and our
 Let us thither aspire, (bone:
 And unite with the quire,
 To praise that dear name;
 That precious name JESUS,
 Our uttermost praises
 Most justly doth claim;
 Hark! hark, &c.

We'll

4 We'll vie with that throng,
 And sing a NEW SONG
 To JESUS our king;
 For us ——— it was,
 He suffer'd and died on the cross!
 A subject deny'd to angels to-sing:
 Our SAVIOUR our GOD,
 Forsook his abode;
 To MORTALS he came!
 Let us without ceasing
 More honour more blessing,
 Than Angels proclaim;
 Hark! hark how they shout,
 All heaven throughout,
 To GOD and the LAMB.

For the Sabbath.

H Y M N XXIII.

1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made
 To spread the Gospel feast,
 Let ev'ry human heart be glad,
 And hidden manna taste.

2 This is the day the saints unite
 To wait upon the Lord;

His

HIS PRESENCE gives them sweet delight,
He keeps his promis'd word.

3 This is the day the JOYFUL sound
IMMANUEL spreads abroad,
Free GRACE doth more than sin abound,
Thro' his atoning blood.

4 This is the day the pray'rs ascend
Of ev'ry praying soul
Encourag'd by the sinners friend
Ask 'till your joy is full.

5 This is the day the saints below
With saints made perfect vie.
While in and out by CHRIST they go,
And converse with the sky.

Part the Second.

6 This is the day the things we see
Belonging to our peace;
The glorious gospel-jubilee!
The year of God's release!

7 This is the day we join the throng
Who share the marriage feast;
Who keep the SABBATH all day long
In everlasting rest.

What

8 What they enjoy, we soon shall see,
ETERNAL LIFE, we claim:
We now are all one family,
Blended by Jesu's name.

9 JESUS, the object of our joy,
Our faith, our hope, our love;
O glorious theme! O sweet employ!
O happy rest above!

10 That is the day, the blessed day,
Which gives compleat delight!
There shad'wy sabbaths fly away,
All swallow'd up in sight!

Another.

H Y M N XXIV.

1 **B**RETHREN let us now unite,
Call the sabbath our delight;
This the day the Lord hath made,
Now, let every heart be glad,

2 Now all sensual joys forsake,
Cast the world behind our back;
Zion-ward we'll set our face,
Singing our Redeemer's GRACE.

O the

3 O the kindness of our God,
Who his sabbaths hath bestow'd!
Mingled with his saints, we prove,
Fore-tastes of the CHURCH ABOVE!

4 Yes, with Jesus while we meet
We in heavenly places sit!
To mount Zion we are come!
Emblem of our heavenly home,

5 Fit us, Lord, by sov'reign GRACE,
To behold thee face to face;
There to wonder and adore;
Lost in love FOR EVERMORE!

Another.

H Y M N XXV.

1 **O** How pleasant is a day,
Join'd to hear and praise and pray!
Prostrate at Immanuel's feet,
We in heavenly places sit!

2 One day in thy courts below,
Far exceeds what sinners know;
With our Saviour's presence here,
We the joys of angels share.

Our

3 Our good shepherd sweetly feeds;
Still his feeble flock he leads:
Pleasant pastures we possess!
Streams of sweet refreshing GRACE.

4 O 'tis true substantial bliss,
Seeing JESUS as he is!
This in part below is giv'n
This we prove the gate of heav'n!

5 Hark! while we in praise combine,
Lo! unnumber'd angels join!
All as many waters cry,
"Glory be to God on high."

6 Train us, Lord, by praise, and pray'r,
In thine ordinances here;
With the first-born church to rise,
Spend our sabbath in the skies.

Another.

H Y M N XXVI.

1 FAITHFUL souls with joy assemble,
On this blessed sabbath day;
Let the Christless fear and tremble!
Let us join to praise and pray:

This

This the day the Lord hath made,
Let the faints of God be glad!

2 Our atoning God and Saviour,
(Of the sabbath he is Lord,)
Made for man this bounteous favour;
Let us shout with one accord:
This the day the Lord hath made,
Let the faints of God be glad!

3 While we on the Lord are waiting,
And on his SURE WORD rely,
He will come and crown our meeting;
Hark! he whispers "it is I."
This the day the Lord hath made,
Let the faints of God be glad.

4 While his presence here is given,
One day of the SON OF MAN,
God WITH us, or we in heaven,
Angel-bliss and ours is one!
This the day the Lord hath made,
Let the faints of God be glad.

5 With this fore-taste of salvation,
With this happy EARNEST blest;
We go on; to take possession:
There remains a GLORIOUS REST!

This

This the day the Lord hath made,
Let the saints of God be glad!

6 There with JESUS in his glory,
We shall stand around his throne!
Sing, around, the pleasing story,
How he LOV'D and WASH'D his own:
That's the day we hope to join
Hosts above, in songs divine.

Another.

H Y M N XXVII.

1 **O**! What doth faith espy
When God WITH us, is near!
With PETER on the mount we cry,
'Tis pleasant to be here!

2 Amazing mercy this!
Assembled in thy fight;
We share the glorious, endless bliss
Of yonder saints in light!

3 We loose our griefs, and cares,
While in thy courts below;
The NEW JERUSALEM appears,
While singing on we go!

4 If on thy sabbath days
Thou dost such joys impart,
How shall we sing, and shout, and praise!
To see thee as thou art!

5 When the redeem'd shall stand
On Canaan's happy shore;
They shall possess that heav'nly land!
There met, they part no more.

6 There the angelic throng
Shall catch our darling theme:
And learn of us the NEW-MADE song,
Of Moses and the LAMB.

*Dismission.**

H Y M N XXVIII.

1 **L**ORD dismiss us with thy blessing,
Take possession of each heart;
Keep us by thy care unceasing,
When we from thy house depart:
Still conduct us, 'till we see thee as thou art.

* The Worship may be concluded with any single Verse of the two following Hymns.

Take

2 Take us, into thy protection.
 Hold us, by thy mighty pow'r:
 Keep us, under thy inspection,
 'Till we reach the heav'nly shore:
 In thy kingdom, let us meet to part no more.

3 O what prospects are before us!
 Over JORDAN, there it lies!
 We shall join the happy chorus,
 Of the HARPERS in the skies!
 From the fountain, drink the stream that
 NEVER dries!

4 If thy people here united
 Such unbounded pleasures prove,
 How transported! how delighted!
 When we join the church above?
 There FOR EVER, sing, adore, exult and love!

5 Hark! the myriads join our chorus!
 Shout in strains of harmony!
 There the Saviour, gone before us
 Eye to eye, his saints shall see!
 Blessed sabbath! one eternal jubilee!

Another.

H Y M N XXIX.

1 **L**ORD of the sabbath, sinners' only
 Saviour,
 Take in thy care, and keep us in thy favour;
 Guide by thy counsel, then receive to glory:
 There to adore thee.

2 Sweet are thy sabbaths, God of consolation,
 Under the glorious gospel dispensation!
 But, what a sabbath to the church is given
 Endless in heaven!

3 Watchman of Israel, never never sleeping,
 Who by thy right-hand art thy people
 keeping,
 Keep that securely which we now surrender,
 Mighty defender.

The Happy Man.

H Y M N XXX.

1 **H**APPY's the man who trusts in God,
 Pardon'd thro' Jesu's precious blood;
 Adorn'd

Adorn'd in righteousness divine:
And humbly claims, "this God is mine."

2 The name of JESUS is a tow'r,
In which he shelters every hour!
Nor earth nor hell can pluck him thence;
Supported by omnipotence.

3 His basis is the SACRED WORD
Of his almighty, faithful Lord;
Who saith, "tho' heav'n and earth may shake,
"Yet will I NEVER THEE FORSAKE."

4 He human efforts doth disclaim,
Ascribing "glory to the LAMB,"
And gladly owns to every face,
"Whate'er I am, I am by GRACE."

5 Superior to created joy,
He looks to that which will not cloy!
By faith, the prospect fires his soul!
His heart, his joy, his hope is FULL!

6 Boldly he walks in CHRIST, THE WAY;
Prompted to praise, and watch, and pray;
Thus he persists, with ardent soul,
Nor stops, 'till he has reach'd the GAOL.

Morning Song.

H Y M N XXXI.

1 **A** WAKE my heart, awake my tongue,
 To offer up thy morning song,
 To him who gives this morning view:
 Mercies asleep, mercies awake,
 For soul, and body I partake,
 Thy mercies every day are new!

2 Had I my just deserts for sin,
 In endless torments I had been,
 For ever banish'd from thy face:
 There to have lain in quenchless fire,
 And own I had my righteous hire,
 For loving sin, and slighting grace.

3 But glory be to thee my God;
 I am not doom'd to that abode!
 Prevented by thy mighty hand!
 Of sov'reign pow'r, of guardian care,
 Of dying love, of Jesu's pray'r,
 A monument of grace I stand!

4 Nor am I only out of hell,
 In health, and ease, and peace I dwell;
 And blessings numberless are giv'n!

But,

But, O! by gospel light I see,
 In Christ, sufficient grace, for me,
 To lead, and land me safe in heav'n!

5 For this with grateful heart I sing
 The praise of my exalted king,
 Thro' whom alone I ALL receive:
 This shall in TIME be my employ;
 And when I reach ETERNAL joy,
 I will ETERNAL praises give.

Another.

H Y M N XXXII.

1 **L**ORD, thy mercies every morning
 Are renew'd to worthless me,
 As they daily are returning,
 Praise shou'd be return'd to thee:
 My fresh springs from thee arose,
 All shou'd run to the FIRST CAUSE.

2 Void of sense, while I lay sleeping,
 Lo! thy eye-lids never close!
 While beneath JEHOVAH's keeping,
 How can I but find repose?
 Guardian of my nights and days,
 Thou shalt have my hearty praise.

Numbers

3 Numbers groan'd, and toss'd in anguish,
 Wishing the return of light!
 Others, snatch'd by death, to languish
 In the SHADES of ENDLESS NIGHT!
 Those no praise to thee can bring;
 I, who live, thy praise will sing.

4 But, thy gifts for preservation,
 By thy bounteous hand bestow'd,
 Sinks; compar'd with MY SALVATION,
 Purchas'd by thy precious blood!
 Here thy love stupendous rise,
 Far above the lofty skies!

5 Can I daily be receiving
 Gifts of providence and GRACE,
 Yet be stupid, in not giving
 My great benefactor praise!
 I will sing, and praise, and love;
 'Till I join the quires above.

Another.

H Y M N XXXIII.

1 **A** GAIN, my God and king,
 Thy mercies new I sing,
 Who night and day thy favours prove!
 Can

Can I refrain to own,
 What thou for ME hast done?
 Or, shout and triumph "GOD IS LOVE."

2 Thou dost thy Israel keep,
 Both waking and asleep;
 How safely then may they repose?
 I laid me down in peace,
 I slept, and wake in ease!
 Surely thou art the ONLY CAUSE.

3 My heart excites my tongue
 To raise this morning song,
 For such reviving rest bestow'd:
 But, when thro' GRACE I see
 Redeeming love to ME!
 I praise my dear INCARNATE GOD.

4 How dreadful was my case?
 Estrang'd from GOD and grace!
 Enslav'd to sin, and Satan's prey!
 How did thy LOVE prevent
 My righteous punishment,
 And bore the CURSE from me away!

5 Redeem'd from hell, and sin,
 This morning I begin,
 A theme which NEVER MORE shall end.

H

My

My few remaining days;
 The slaughter'd LAMB I'll praise;
 And thus ETERNITY I'll spend.

6 O! what a sweet employ,
 Brim-full of heav'nly joy!
 'Midst angel-quires to shout aloud!
 This, this shall be my theme;
 " Salvation to the Lamb;
 " Who lov'd and wash'd me in his BLOOD."

Redeeming Love.

H Y M N XXXIV.

1 COME on, ye ransom'd throng,
 In Jesu's praises join;
 And now begin the new-made song
 Of love divine:
 'Twas love that brought him down!
 Love prompted him to die:
 And love that pleads before the throne,
 For you and I!

2 Arraign'd for flagrant sin,
 And sentenc'd by the law.

Love

Love made our SUBSTITUTE step in,
 And catch the blow!
 Our trespasses aloud
 To heav'n for vengeance rings!
 But, Jesu's interceding blood
 Speaks better things!

3 And shall we not love him
 Who lov'd us FIRST so well?
 To die such rebels to redeem,
 From death and hell!
 We dare not keep back part,
 By dying love restor'd:
 But cry, with voice, and tongue, and heart,
 "I love the Lord."

4 The enmity is slain,
 ('Tis Jesus doth redeem)
 And God is reconcil'd again,
 And we to him:
 Walking with him in light,
 Sweet fellowship we prove!
 And sing, and shout with all our might,
 "Our GOD IS LOVE."

5 To him who once/was slain,
 And wash'd us in his BLOOD!
 And rose; and EVER LIVES again,
 The mighty GOD:

Salvation

Salvation, honour, praise,
Dominion, glory, pow'r;
Be giv'n, by all the ransom'd race,
FOR EVERMORE.

Thy Maker is thy Husband.

H Y M N XXXV.

1 **T**HESE are THY words I know,
Confirm'd to worthless ME!

Thy Maker is thy husband now,

“ And still will be:

“ I hate to put away

“ A dear ESPOUSED FRIEND,

“ I AM to day as yesterday,

“ World without end.

2 “ I NEVER will repent

“ Of what my lips have spoke,

“ My EVERLASTING COVENANT

“ Shall not be broke:

“ As was my beauteous bow

“ To Noah permanent,

“ My WORD, and OATH is stedfast now

“ To every saint.”

Both

3 Both love, and duty, then,
 My Lord is due to thee:
 And all the favour'd sons of men,
 In league with thee:
 In MUTUAL CONTRACT I!
 My privilege I plead;
 MY GOD, I claim my firm ally;
 In EVERY need!

4 To thee my PLEDGE I give,
 In the most solemn words;
 With heart, and hand SUBSCRIB'D I have
 To be the LORD's:
 Whate'er thou hast, or art,
 Thou never canst refuse,
 To one united to thy heart,
 Thy lawful SPOUSE

5 An Israelite indeed!
 (My parentage I trace,)
 Of ABRAHAM'S FAITH: of JESU'S SEED,
 A CHILD OF GRACE.
 With JESUS I shall share,
 The NEVER fading CROWN!
 For GRACE while here, and glory there,
 Is all my own!

Advertisement.

A singular Case, and Cure.

H Y M N XXXVI.

1 **A** MIRACLE I stand!
And spread throughout the land
My HEALER's praise!
That all who helpless lie,
May for his help apply,
And find, as well as I,
PERFECT RELEASE!

2 Stung by the SERPENT foul!
Poison'd, both flesh and soul,
None could relieve!
JESUS, (transporting name!)
Then to my rescue came!
Quench'd the envenom'd flame,
And bade me "LIVE."

3 My wound, my grief, my need,
No mortal's could exceed,
What worse than sin?
What have I now to do
Sinners, but cry to you?
"Come and be happy too,
"Wash, and be clean."

They

4 They ONLY need despair
 Who still determin'd are
 Sin to embrace;
 Hast thou a WILLING MIND?
 GRACE, hath thy WILL inclin'd;
 SEEK, and thou soon shalt find,
 PARDON and PEACE.

5 Come sin-polluted soul,
 If thou wilt be made whole
 Let it be shewn;
 Tho' desp'rate be thy case,
 JESUS can sin erase;
 Only submit to GRACE,
 The work is done.

Part the Second.

6 O that I had a tongue
 To reach the human throng,
 EVERY ONE:
 How should my voice extend,
 Strongly, to recommend,
 My all-sufficient friend!
 JESUS ALONE.

7 The good physician this,
 Whole med'cine cannot miss;

Gladly

Gladly I tell:
 Thousands with sweet delight
 Can in this TRUTH unite,
 And on the med'cine write,
 INFALLIBLE.

8 The med'cine is the BLOOD
 Of the incarnate God,
 Brought to the soul:
 The SPIRIT, this APPLIES,
 And lo! the soul relies,
 Quickly it justifies!
 And makes it whole!

9 The needy, need not doubt,
 All day his hand is out,
 Waiting to give:
 Gratis, he works a cure,
 On all the conscious poor;
 'Tis written on his Door
 "ASK AND RECEIVE."

10 With med'cine SURE and FREE,
 Behold! he follows thee!
 Hark, to his cry!
 "Come unto ME—and rest.
 "I seek, and SAVE the LOST;

"My

“ My own HEART’S-BLOOD you cost:
 “ Why will you die? ”

11 If you your CURE refuse,
 And offer’d GRACE abuse,
 Slight, and rebel;
 Your wound shall fester here;
 (Nor, think it too severe)
 And then---your TORMENT bear
 Endless in hell.

12 But if you now believe,
 Your cure you shall receive,
 By JESUS giv’n:
 Your vigour shall increase,
 In life, and strength, and peace;
 Rising to happiness
 Endless in heav’n.

Praise to the Lamb.

H Y M N XXXVII.

i **O** Thou incarnate God!
 Who spilt thy precious blood;
 Souls to redeem!
 Help us to publish forth,
 Thy unexempl’d worth;

I

And

And spread thro' all the earth,
Praise to the Lamb!

2 Thy boundless love to men
Angels cannot explain,
Yet 'tis their aim:
While 'tis from them conceal'd,
GRACE is to MAN reveal'd,
Yea, endless life obtain'd,
Praise to the LAMB.

3 While thro' the vale we go,
Leaning by faith below
On that DEAR NAME;
Soon shall our toils be pass'd,
HOPE makes us travel fast,
Our ANCHOR safe is cast!
Praise to the LAMB!

4 While angels shout aloud,
"SALVATION TO OUR GOD,"
(Thrice happy theme)
We lift our voices high,
Now, with the harpers vie!
And in a rapture cry,
Praise to the LAMB!

5 O what a glorious band,
When we on ZION stand,
Grace to proclaim!

Angels

Angels shall flock around,
Heav'n shall with blifs abound!
To hear the joyful sound,
Praise to the LAMB!

- 6 There, the Lamb's family,
Angels, and MEN shall be
How happy then!
Like many waters' noise,
Yet, with harmonious voice,
All shall proclaim their joys,
Praise to the LAMB!
-

The Sinners' Friend.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

1 **H**OW shall I begin to praise
My dear redeeming God?
Who me from sin and hell to save,
Hath shed his own heart's blood!
Once, by Satan's pow'r confin'd,
But now by grace set free!
Jesus is the sinners' friend,
And proves a friend to ME!

- 2 In the gall of bitterness
Content, I long did dwell;

Leagu'd

Leagu'd with them in wickedness

Whose steps lead down to hell!

JESUS, did his love commend,

Or I had plung'd in misery!

JESUS is the sinners' friend,

And proves a friend to ME!

3 By a ray of the true light

My wretched state I saw!

Guilty, in JEHOVAH's sight;

And CURSED, by the LAW:

JESUS did my spirit bend!

I sought and found his mercy FREE!

JESUS is the sinners' friend,

And proves a friend to ME!

4 Since he made me free indeed,

And kindly heard me pray;

On to ZION I proceed,

Rejoicing in the way:

All the days my God shall lend

In JESU's praise employ'd shall be;

JESUS is the sinners' friend,

And proves a friend to ME!

5 O that all my neighbours round

Would join in songs of praise;

Know and spread the JOYFUL sound,

Of our Immanuel's grace:

Now,

Now, their time, and talents spend,
 For him who spent his LIFE so free;
 JESUS is the sinners' friend,
 And proves a friend to ME!

6 While I live, in grateful song,
 My time shall be employ'd;
 JESUS hath unloos'd my tongue,
 To found his praise abroad:
 Never shall my praises end
 In TIME, nor in ETERNITY!
 JESUS is the sinners' friend,
 And proves a friend to ME!

Light, Life, and Love.

H Y M N XXXIX.

1 **C**HILDREN of God rejoice;
 Made vessels of his grace:
 The great Redeemer's blood-bought choice
 Of Adam's race!
 All void as antient night,
 Your formless souls he saw,
 But, God pronounc'd "let there be light;"
 And it was so!

2 'Till this prolific ray
 By GRACE was darted in,

Quite

Quite dead,* dead, dead to God, ye lay;
Sold unto sin:

Salvation of the Lord

You only could receive,

JEHOVAH spoke the quick'ning word,
"Ye dry bones live."

3 'Till sov'reign grace took hold
Of our degen'rate minds,
Of wills perverse, affections cold,
And judgments blind!
But pardon'd by his blood,
And sanctify'd by grace,
Desire we now to love that God
Who first lov'd us,

4 Brought out of bondage now,
By light, and life, and love;
The joys of earth we will forego
For those above:
Our sacrifice we bring,
From death to life restor'd!
Let worldlings* to their mammon§ sing,
We'll praise the LORD.

* Drunkards.

§ Bacchus.

The Spring.

H Y M N XL.

- 1 **Y**E favorite race,
Who are ransom'd by grace,
Abandon your fears;
Lo! whit'ning to harvest
Our landscape appears!
- 2 The winter is past;
The tempest, and blast,
Which threaten'd our doom.
The season of singing
And triumph is come!
- 3 By icyness bound,
Invelop'd around,
In horror we lay!
Light, shining in darkness,
Turn'd night into day!
- 4 This ray of true light,
Which strikes on our sight,
Gives glorious surprize!
It rises, and rises;
And ever shall rise!
- 5 These solar warm rays
Of sovereign grace,

Darts

Darts down on the root;
 The sap, bud and blossom,
 Will bring forth good fruit.

6 The heavenly flame,
 Pervades thro' our frame,
 And gladness imparts;
 The gospel of JESUS
 Hath shin'd in our hearts!

7 In patience we wait,
 Both early and late,
 For the husbandman's hire;
 The seed-time, and harvest,
 Fulfils his desire.

8 Yes, AUTUMN shall smile,
 And crown all our toil;
 The branches full load!
 Then, when RIPE gather'd in
 To the garner of God.

9 Tho' it doth not appear,
 What we shall be, when there,
 We are FULLY ASSUR'D,
 For ever, and EVER,
 To reign with the LORD!

On Pleasure.

H Y M N XLI.

1 **N**O longer let lovers of pleasure
compare

The toys of this world to angelical fare;
I appeal to the SAINT, to determine between
The pleasures of sense, and of conscience
within.

2 When thro' nature deprav'd, MAN leaves
the true road,
And happiness seeks in ought else beside God;
If lur'd by the harlot, or charm'd by the
bowl,
He looseth the comforts design'd for the soul.

3 Whoever prefereth these temporal joys
Deserves, and shall surely inherit his choice;
From TRANSIENT DELIGHT, to ETERNAL
DESPAIR;

In Tophet, nor HOPE of one pleasure is there.

4 But grace in subjection the appetite brings,
Renewing the sense to taste spiritual things;
To Zion he goes, and his heart is made glad;
With pleasures refined, for which he was
made!

K

When

5 When Jesus (who open'd blind eyes with
the clay)

Darts into the spirit a heavenly ray,
Then objects eternal display their true light!
And those that are carnal sink out of the
sight!

6 Exulting, he cries, who participates this,
"My beloved is MINE, and as surely I'm HIS!"
Unseen by my sense, yet believing, I LOVE,
MY TREASURE'S in heaven, with JESUS
above!

7 'Tis here, and here ONLY true pleasures
abound;
Not cloy'd like to those in nature's dull
round;
For while VAST ETERNITY stands forth in
view,
Each moment discovers a pleasure still new!

8 All earthly enjoyments subsist but a day,
As crack'ling of thorns, they soon vanish
away:

These, leave the soul starving, and pall on
the taste;

But, the hidden MANNA for ever shall last.

The

9 The author hereof is a witness of this;
He hath weigh'd in the ballance, and found
the true blifs:

Nor is he content with his morsel alone,
Come each individual and make it thy own.

10 If Jesus's love hath attracted thy mind,
The promise is certain "seek it thou shalt
find;

"But ask and 'tis giv'n;" in Jesus's love,
A kingdom of heaven below, and above!

11 To sum up the whole that is said, and
I've done;

All things are but VANITY under the sun:
Nor *Bacchus*, nor *Venus* true blifs can afford,
They all are no Gods, for OUR GOD IS THE
LORD.

The returned Prodigal.

H Y M N XLII.

1 **O** Thou fountain of blifs!
What a mercy is this,
That a child to his father can run!
'Tis thro' MERCY I know,
When I no where could go,
Thou receiv'dst me, or I were undone!

From

2 From my father and God,
 Long I wander'd abroad;
 And for pleasure pursu'd the dull round:
 Yea again, and again,
 But my search was in vain,
 In the creatures it could not be found.

3 Of extraction so high,
 Yet did I comply?
 Of my fall here's a manifest proof:
 For with husks and with swine,
 All my soul did combine!
 Of such swill I had never enough!

4 Thus I long did remain
 Like a creature insane!
 By the subtle old serpent deceiv'd:
 'Till asham'd and afraid,
 To apply for thy aid,
 I no father's affection conceiv'd!

5 But, some pow'rful advice
 Made me cry "I'll arise;
 " And with speed to MY FATHER repair;
 " He'll supply all my wants,
 " For the least of his saints (spare."
 " They have ~~FULNESS~~ of BREAD and to
 Scarce

6 Scarce the thought was begun,
 Ere my father did run!
 Sympathizing he saw my distress!
 All the stony he brake,
 While he fell on my neck,
 And welcom'd me home with a kiss!

7 Nor a PARDON alone,
 To my soul he made known,
 But he mercies unnumber'd bestow'd!
 Lo! the ROBE, and the RING;
 Made me triumph, and sing;
 While I fed on the BOUNTIES OF GOD!

8 Can a PRODIGAL see
 God's great favours to ME,
 And a stout-hearted sinner remain?
 Or subdu'd by his LOVE,
 All my happiness prove,
 By a speedy returning again?

9 May I NEVER again
 Independance maintain;
 Or, on proud self-sufficiency rely:
 Lord now my ear bore
 To the POSTS of thy DOOR,
 To remain in thy HOUSE 'till I die.

The Valley of Achor, a Door of Hope.

H Y M N XLIII.

1 **A** LAS! what have I done?
 My sins for vengeance call,
 They have eternal death brought on
 My body and my soul.

2 The God of truth declares,
 The SOUL that sins shall DIE.
 The charge I own with guilty fears,
 And conscience cries "'tis I."

3 And must this body go
 Down to it's native dust:
 And must my SOUL in endless woe,
 Eternally be lost.

4 Is there no remedy?
 Can no device take place?
 No: I must die, for ever die;
 Without an act of GRACE.

5 But grace the means hath found,
 Jesus, himself doth give,
 Yea grace, doth more than sin abound
 He dy'd that I might live!

Now

6 Now JESUS thou hast dy'd,
Thy dying LOVE display,
Now let thy MERIT be apply'd,
And take my sins away.

Part the Second.

7 'Tis done; MY LORD, 'tis done!
My fears are all remov'd!
JESUS did for MY sins atone,
And I am call'd BELOV'D!

8 O! ACT OF GRACE indeed!
O! love beyond degree!
The guiltless suffers in my stead!
The guilty is set free!

9 I look'd for nothing less
Than vengeance as a flame;
But, in the midst of my distress
My great deliv'rer came.

10 Thus pluck'd Lord, as a brand
From burning, by thy pow'r;
A monument of GRACE I stand!
And wonder, and adore.

Part the Third.

11 And can I now forget
The mercies of my God!

I now

I now his praises must repeat;
Who bought me with his blood:

12 I will (thro' grace) begin,
And life in future spend,
Jesus to praise, who saves from sin;
My never failing friend.

13 In HIM I make my boast,
And with heav'n's harpers vie;
Not one of all the hosts above
Hath greater cause than I.

14 Soon shall I join the throng,
And with exalted lays,
Instruct the quires in the NEW SONG
Of blood-redeeming GRACE!

15 Salvation I'll proclaim,
Throughout the bless'd abode;
Salvation to the slaughter'd LAMB.
Salvation to my God.

Part the Fourth.

16 O might the world embrace,
And catch the joyful sound;
And sing with me redeeming GRACE,
Which doth o'er sin abound!

Great

17 Great God if thou but speak;
 A company shall rise;
 Who shall (like thee) lost sinners seek;
 Who winneth souls is wise.

18 Wield thou thy spirit's sword,
 And prick the sinner's heart;
 Then send the balmy healing word,
 And all the soul convert.

19 So shall the tidings spread,
 Of Jesu's matchless fame;
 Sinners in trespasses quite dead,
 Shall rise, and praise thy name!

20 As doves to windows haste,
 Myriads on eagle's wings
 Shall flock and share the gospel-feast,
 Of marrow and fat things!

21 O that this jubilee
 Was now proclaim'd abroad;
 When all the human flesh shall see,
 The saving pow'r of God.

Part the Fifth.

22 O sweet millennial year!
 O blessed jubilee!

L.

From

From servitude we shall be clear,
By Christ, made truly free!

23 Ephraim, and Judah then,
Shall thwart and vex no more;
But, all the ransom'd sons of men
Their saviour shall adore!

24 Justice, and mercy too,
Each other shall embrace!
God's tabernacle fix'd below,
Shall blend the human race!

25 When temper'd thus divine,
(Transporting to behold!)
The wolf and lamb shall sweetly join!
ONE SHEPHERD and ONE FOLD!

26 By faith's interior sight,
Invisibles they see!
And walk with God in gospel light!
Of glorious liberty!

27 God dwells amidst his own,
And makes them his abode:
He in their hearts erects his throne;
The temples are of God!

28 Each individual soul,
Renew'd in holiness,

The

The universe shall thus be full,
As waters spread the seas!

Part the Sixth.

29 I have a hope, which I
Trust Jesus doth impart;
The heavenly kingdom is come nigh,
I feel it in my heart!

30 If therefore I partake
The virtue of Christ's blood!
Believing this, must therefore speak,
The praises of my God!

31 The sure foundation's laid,
Which hell cannot erase:
It shall by earth and heav'n be said,
"SALVATION IS BY GRACE."

32 The fore-taste now takes place!
The earnest here is giv'n!
And I who feel the pow'r of GRACE,
Shall share the joys of heav'n!

33 O! for that happy day!
Quickly dear saviour come;
Come, dear IMMANUEL, come away,
Make every heart thy home.

E'en

34 E'en so, LORD JESUS, come;
 Remove thy people's fears:
 To his own hell the DRAGON doom;
 And REIGN thy thousand years.

Publick Worship.

H Y M N XLIV.

1 **T**HOU glorious sov'reign Lord
 E'en of the sabbath-day,
 Who callest us to hear thy word,
 And praise, and pray;
 O give us hearts sincere,
 To come before thy face,
 And then thro' JESUS, hear the pray'r,
 Thou God of grace,

2 We come with this complaint,
 We know not what to say;
 But thou canst shew us what we want,
 And teach to pray:
 If by thy spirit join'd,
 The praying grace is giv'n;
 Thou Lord who know'st the spirit's mind,
 Wilt hear in heav'n.

Some

3 Some gleam thro' this dark night,
 We by the gospel see!
 Speak thou the word "let there be light,"
 And it shall be:
 Thy spirit can display
 How we have lost our road,
 And lead to Christ, the living way
 To thee our God.

4 When thou this light imparts,
 And by the light we see,
 And set'st our poor entangl'd hearts
 At liberty;
 We shall our souls unite
 To run religion's ways,
 And prove it our supreme delight
 To spread thy praise.

Looking unto Jesus.

H Y M N XLV.

1 **L**IFT up your hearts, ye sons of God;
 Rise, with your head, to yon abode
 Where Jesus sits enthron'd in love!
 Joint-heirs with Christ, ye are by grace,
 And by and by, you shall possess
 That vast inheritance above!

Your

2 Your great high-priest is enter'd there,
Your glorious mansions to prepare!

And now hath sent his spirit down:
To his kind leading here submit,
'Till diciplin'd ye all are meet
To leave the CROSS and wear the CROWN.

3 This is the promise of the Lord,
To all who take him to his word,
And conquer in the glorious strife;
"To follow ME, I call MY sheep;
"And them my own right-hand shall keep:
"To them I give ETERNAL LIFE."

4 Let worldlings grovel in the dust,
We surely know in whom we trust;
It is the God who cannot lie;
He saith, (and who shall disanul?)
"Ask, and so shall your joy be full
(In hope) of immortality."

5 Transported with this blessed hope,
Ye servants of the Lord mount up,
Trample on all terrestrial things!
The king of kings, is our own God!
His royal court, our sure abode,
Where we shall reign as priests and kings!

6 O glorious REST! O sweet release!
 When all brought thro' the wilderness,
 To happiness entire restor'd!
 We shall beyond this JORDAN stand,
 And set our feet on CANAAN's land,
 And reign for ever with the Lord!

Invitation to Thankfulness.

H Y M N XLVI.

1 COME, all ye ransom'd of the earth;
 Employ your utmost skill;
 To spread the Saviour's mercies forth,
 Who rescues you from hell:
 Jehovah's laws we disobey'd,
 And justice, vengeance cry'd;
 But, Jesus our full ransom paid!
 Justice is satisfy'd.

2 O what shall be our wonder most!
 Our vileness, or his grace!
 Who left the bright angelic host,
 To save the human race!
 As reptile man our God appear'd!
 To join mankind to God!
 And heav'n he claims, as the reward
 Of his atoning blood.

Then

3 Then let us now exult for joy,
 And dwell upon the theme;
 Our hearts, our tongues, our lives employ,
 To sound his glorious name:
 Let us believe, and love, and praise,
 And claim salvation giv'n:
 Here subjects of the prince of peace,
 And kings and priests in heav'n.

Another.

H Y M N XLVII.

1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, ye favour'd
 ransom'd race;
 Extol the God of boundless truth and grace:
 Let hearts, and tongues, and all your pow'rs
 unite,
 Join in the theme which angel-bands delight,
 Thro' Jesu's GRACE, is free salvation given!
 Shout forth his praise, and turn your earth
 to heaven!

2 Shall angel-quires in hymns surround
 the throne?
 And wond'ring, sing what God for man
 hath done!

Shall

Shall we not catch from them the sacred
flame?

Since not for them, for us, the saviour came:

Let grateful songs return the boundless
favour,

To him who gave an all-sufficient saviour.

3 Shall worldings chant and sing their
noisy mirth?

And sons of Bacchus rore and ring thro'
earth?

Shall we not with the sons of Belial vie?

This GOD is our's, who made both earth
and sky!

O! let the ransom'd of the holy JESUS,

In songs divine, proclaim his worthy praises.

4 Herein is matter of eternal joy,

Worthy both MEN, and angels to employ:

While we adore our everlasting king,

We share ETERNAL PLEASURES, as we sing;

Let us sing on, our bliss is always growing!

At God's right-hand, are pleasures EVER
flowing.

For the Morning.

H Y M N XLVIII.

1 **A** WAKE my soul, and chant thy
 morning song;
 He justly claims thy praise who made thy
 tongue:

Kept by the pow'r of Gop secure to-night;
 Wak'd by his love, I see the morning light!
 Father, thy new-made mercies every morn-
 ing,
 Should daily find my new-made praise re-
 turning.

2 'Tis mercy, surely, that I'm out of hell!
 But, HOPE of PARDON, makes the mercy
 swell!

To be partaker, makes the grace abound!
 The dead's alive again; the lost is found!
 And great and precious promises are given,
 (Summit of grace) that I shall live in heaven!

3 This is the promise thou hast made secure,
 To all who faithful to the end endure,
 "ETERNAL LIFE," thou hast affirm'd is
 their's!

Adopted sons, are all with Christ joint-heir!

In

In certain HOPE, my spirit shall adore thee,
My ANCHOR's fix'd on Christ, and grace,
and glory!

4 With all thy pow'rs blest thou the Lord
my soul!

Whose hope of IMMORTALITY is full!
Let worldlings grovel sensual blifs to prove,
Thou now art taught to seek the things
above:

Nor life, nor death, my soul from Christ
can sever,

If he's mine NOW, he will be mine for EVER.

Another.

H Y M N XLIX.

1 **A** GAIN, my God, the morning light
I view!

And, with the morning share thy mercies
new!

While numbers pain'd lay tossing on their
bed,

With sweet repose beneath thy care I laid!

With nightly rest my spirits are elated!

And with the morn, I see thy love repeated!

With

2 With everlasting arms supporting me!
When I awake my soul is still with thee!
While I thy providential care express,
My tongue shall publish thy redeeming
grace.

'Tis here I see the most peculiar favour,
In my once dead, now ever-living saviour!

3 Of all thy gifts, *this ONLY* doth excel;
'Tis JESUS is the gift unspeakable!
And when I view this gift for sinners free,
Coming UNSOUGHT to hell-deserving ME!
My soul is charm'd, at thy divine compassion,
I shouting cry, "lo! GOD IS MY SALVATION!"

4 O may I live to celebrate thy praise,
Devoting to thee, my remaining days.
O! may I walk this day as in thy fear,
And ever onward, whilst I sojourn here;
To live to thee be my supreme ambition:
And die, to see the BEATIFIC VISION!

For the Evening.

H Y M N L.

1 COME, my soul, reflect and ponder
On the mercies of the day;
Look

Look without, within, and wonder!

Then, in cool reflection say,

Haſt thou matter &c.

To repine? or praise, or pray?

2 Pray I would, for ev'ry blessing

Comes from thee MY father down:

But, thy liberal hand unceasing,

Gives thy Son, all gifts to crown!

I lack nothing, &c.

Who can call a GOD MY OWN!

3 Lord my pray'rs are lost in praises,

To survey REDEEMING LOVE!

Ransom'd by the blood of JESUS,

Life, and peace, and joy I prove!

This the earnest, &c.

Of that blessed hope above!

4 Who can make a ſeperation?

JESUS from his limbs diſjoin?

Free, eternal, full ſalvation,

Was, and is his fix'd deſign:

This his language, &c.

"I Redeem'd thee, thou art mine,"

5 Fix'd on the unſhaken baſis

Of JEHOVAH'S CHANGLESS WORD!

Faith

Faith lays hold while hope increaseth,
 Love transporting joys afford!
 I shall surely, &c.
 Be FOR EVER with the Lord!

6 I begin the same employment
 Of the choristers above,
 Their's, and mine is ONE enjoyment,
 Fellowship with Christ to prove!
 O! 'tis heaven! &c.
 Lov'd of God, and God to love!

*On the Author's Birth-Day.**

H Y M N L I.

1 **T**HE God of all grace,
 With rapture I praise,
 On this happy morn;
 The annual season on which I was born.

2 In paths of my own,
 Long, long I went on;
 Too shameful to tell!
 'Tis infinite mercy I am not in hell!

* Written when the Author attained the fifty-ninth year of his age,

When

3 When posting in haste,
My God did arrest!
His wand'rer from home!
His rod of correction compell'd me to come.

4 My conduct I saw
Condemn'd by his LAW!
With CONSCIENCE imprest!
Then saw the unfearchable riches of Christ!

5 His mercy so free,
Said "look unto me!"
Then, gave ME the pow'r (adore!
To look, and to mourn, and believe, and

6 While HE did impart,
With purpose of heart
I all did resign: (art mine."
He cry'd, "I redeem'd thee, and now thou

7 A look of his LOVE
My guilt did remove,
Then freed of my load, (God!"
With raptute I cry'd out "MY LORD AND MY

8 Yea, not only then,
But again, and again,
He GRACE did reveal!
And all my back-slidings abundantly heal!
Yes,

9 Yes, freely he pours
New blessings in show'rs
And sweetly I find (mind!
The day of ESPOUSALS comes fresh to my

10 I TURST in the same
Adorable name,
Who MUCH hath forgiv'n; (heav'n!
His goodness shall follow me home to my

*Another.**

H Y M N LII.

1 **A** GAIN, great God, I come
To celebrate thy praise;
Who hath preserv'd me from the womb,
Thro' all my days!
My sixty years roll round,
Beneath thy guardian care;
And tho' a 'cumb'rer of the ground,
Thou still dost spare!

2 By nature, bent to sin;
By practice, prone to stray;

* Written when the Author attained the sixtieth
year of his age,

Thy

Thy interposing pow'r step'd in
 And hedg'd my way!
 I scarcely yet can tell
 How freed from satan's yoke;
 But lo! my league with death and hell,
 At once was broke!

3 My guilt was all remov'd!
 Peace as a river flow'd
 "'Tis heav'n on earth to be belov'd
 "And love my God:"
 My years, and months, and days,
 Did sweetly glide along;
 My dear Redeemer's matchless grace,
 Was all my song.

4 But ah! some fatal hour,
 The potent prince of hell,
 Blended his cunning with his pow'r;
 And lo! I fell!
 Thy God (he cry'd) is gone:
 And while he veil'd mine eyes;
 I had no strength to stand alone;
 Nor pow'r to rise.

5 But thou my gracious God,
 Display'd'st superior pow'r!
 And tho' cast down, yet not destroy'd,
 Thou didst restore!

N

Thou

Thou gav'st me back my hope,
 Procur'd by BLOOD DIVINE:
 And said'st "how can I give thee up?
 " Thou still art mine!"

6 And shall I not record,
 Whene'er the year rolls round,
 That I an alien from the Lord,
 So lost, am found?
 While I my being have,
 Thy witness will I prove
 " My God can to the utmost save,
 " For GOD IS LOVE."

*Another.**

H Y M N LIII.

1 **W**HAT infinite reason
 To shew grateful mirth,
 Have I on this season
 Which gave me my birth?
 To me, a poor creature,
 Thro' mercy is giv'n,
 To know my creator;
 And fore-taste my heav'n!

* Written when the Author attained the sixty-
 first year of his age,

'Tis

- 2 'Tis all thro' my SAVIOUR
Who hung on the tree,
This wonderful favour,
Comes flowing to ME!
Thro' BLOOD it comes flowing!
(Oh! infinite GRACE!)
And leaves me still owing
My ALL to his praise.
- 3 My uttermost praises
Shall freely ascend,
To thee my dear JESUS;
My SAVIOUR and FRIEND:
While I have my being,
Thy praises I'll sing,
And long for the seeing
My glorify'd king.
- 4 The brightest unfolding
Of infinite bliss,
Consists in beholding
The LAMB as he is!
While here, I pursue thee,
To bathe in thy blood:
There, there I shall view thee,
My LORD, AND MY GOD!
- 5 The height of my pleasure
Is thee to enjoy;

'Tis

'Tis bliss beyond measure,
 And NEVER can cloy!
 The pleasure of casting
 Before thee my crown!
 This LIFE EVERLASTING!
 Thro' grace is begun!

6 Thou knowest my spirit
 Which God-ward aspires,
 And longs to inherit
 It's ardent desires:
 When prostrate before thee,
 Enraptur'd, I prove,
 The bliss, to adore thee
 With angels above!

7 O happy translation,
 To view face to face!
 O glorious salvation,
 Begun now in grace!
 Repeating the story,
 And kissing thy feet;
 The top-stone of glory
 Is, "grace unto it,"

For St. Mawes, a Thanksgiving,

H Y M N LIV.

1 **B**EHOLD us, Lord, unite;
 To celebrate thy fame;
 Thy goodness sweetly doth invite,
 To praise thy name!
 Drawn by REDREEMING LOVE,
 Our grateful song we rise;
 And join the first-born CHURCH ABOVE,
 In yonder skies!

2 Too long we went astray,
 From our indulgent God;
 And ran the broad, the EASY way,
 The downward road:
 Lur'd by the artful foe,
 For happiness we strove,
 Preferring transient joys below,
 To bliss above.

3 'Twas thy preventing grace,
 (With joyful lips we tell,)
 Which stop'd us in our dreadful race,
 To death, and hell!
 Call'd by the gospel-word,
 Our swinish husks we scorn,
 With

With songs our faces Zion-ward
We gladly turn!

4 Jesus hath bought our peace!
Hath all our guilt remov'd
And thro' his spotless **RIGHTEOUSNESS**
We are belov'd!

The crown before our eyes
Of faith, stands forth in view!
The gospel-hope, the glorious prize,
We now pursue!

5 Hark! hear ye not the throng
Of choiristers in heaven?
With new-found joy, and new-made song,
On man forgiv'n!
We soon shall join them there,
To praise our pard'ning God,
And all the purchas'd blessings share
Of **JESU'S BLOOD!**

6 O JESUS, lead us on,
To see thy glorious face;
Complete the work thou hast begun
By sov'reign grace:
So shall we mix our cry
With yonder quires above,
And shout thro' all eternity
REDEEMING LOVE.

Behold the Man.

H Y M N L V.

1 **E**ACH breathing Creature shout
aloud the praises
Of the once dying, EVER-LIVING JESUS;
Thro' our great spokesman in the court of
Heaven,
All things are giv'n!

2 View your Redeemer, WORKING our
salvation,
E'en from the manger, to his bloody
passion:
Praying, and sweating, bleeding in the
garden,
Purchasing pardon.

3 Now see him seiz'd and brought unto
his trial!
Falsly accus'd, yet making no denial!
Shackled, blind-folded, scourged and af-
flicted,
By man rejected!

4 See him again beneath his burden bending,
On to the top of Calvary ascending!
There

There the most shocking death was perpetrated,

Which life compleated!

5 Left by his followers! this most sorely grieves him.

But, O! how pungent when the God-head leaves him!

Crying "my Father why hast thou forsaken?"

His heart is broken.

6 Kept for a while a seeming prey to evils!

Foild in appearance, by the prince of devils!

Soon he displays omnipotence most glorious,

Rising victorious!

Then to his native heaven re-ascended.

He thus rebellious sinners hath befriended!

Now claims the merit of his bitter passion;

All our salvation?

8 Led by his spirit, first we feel our burden:

On Christ we cast it, and receive a pardon!

Peace, righteousness, and pleasure through believing,

Daily receiving!

He

9 He that this fullness doth in Christ discover
 Cannot but love his soul-redeeming lover:
 To him who tasteth that the Lord is gracious,
 Jesus is precious.

10 Now unto HIM who us hath dearly loved,
 In earth, and heaven, hath his kindness
 proved;
 Render ye ransom'd to your precious
 Saviour, Glory for ever.

Publick Praise.

H Y M N LVI.

1 **M**OST great, and good, and glo-
 rious Lord;
 Behold us join with one accord,
 Thy worthy praises to proclaim:
 Worthy of more than we can bring,
 With heart and voice we gladly sing,
 All glory to the slaughter'd Lamb.

2 We all like wand'ring sheep have stray'd,
 Our head-long wills our law have made;
 Glory'ng in what should be our shame!
 But, O the riches of thy grace!
 We here are brought to sing thy praise!
 All glory to the slaughter'd Lamb.

O

Thy

3 Thy DYING LOVE shall be our song,
It warms our hearts and moves each tongue,
To dwell on the delightful theme!
Thy love, is heav'n's peculiar joy,
And shall be our supreme employ,
All glory to the slaughter'd Lamb.

4 LOVE, prompted thee to leave thy throne,
And to this vale of woe come down,
To bear our guilt, our curse, our blame!
Love, made thee serve that we might reign,
Bought our eternal ease, with pain!
All glory to the slaughter'd Lamb.

5 Love made thee bear our pond'rous load,
With praying, groaning, sweating blood!
To quench a sin-consuming flame!
The blessed GOD was made a curse!
And show'rs of blessings brings to us!
All glory to the slaughter'd Lamb,

6 Not only ONCE thou here didst dwell,
Thou still art OUR IMMANUEL,
To day as yesterday the SAME:
Thou art come down to reign in grace!
And art gone up, to fit our place!
All glory to the slaughter'd Lamb.

Where-

7 Wherefore with angel-bands we join,
To praise the wond'rous MAN-DIVINE,
Thro' whom our every blessing came!
JESUS accept our feeble praise;
'Till rais'd to more EXALTED LAYS,
All glory to the slaughter'd Lamb.

The Assizes.

H Y M N LVII.

1 **W**HEN a judge passes thro' a
guilty nation,
How the croud presses viewing the pro-
cession!
And the shrill trumpet, (like a voice)
surprizes,
Join the assizes,

2 See the poor pris'ner, (while the croud's
assembling)
With shackles ratling, looks downcast and
trembling!
Nature alternate yielding and refusing;
Conscience accusing!
Now

3 Now the stern jailor, void of all compassion,
Brings forth the culprit, on just accusation:
Fault'ring, "not guilty" wou'd evade just trial,

By false denial.

4 Witness on witness, prove the charges clearly;
While the judge sums up evidences fairly;
Soon judge and jury in his doom are blended,
The trial's ended,

5 Now the judge (awful!) turns to give the sentence;
"Man thy untimely, is to late repentance;
"Death's thy demerit, fruitless is thy sorrow:
"Hang dead to morrow."

6 Struck as with thunder, see the death-devoted,
Swoln are his eye-balls, and with torrents floated:
Back he's remanded to his captive station,
All condemnation.

7 Dire bondage now! which worse than fetters bind him:
Inward, and outward; fronting, and behind him;
No

No gleam or prospect now is left for hoping;
Despairing! drooping!

8 Anxious, and sleepless, all the night in
sorrow:

Shocking at present; worse 'twill be to-
morrow:

Nothing can hinder speedy execution,
But absolution:

9 But the scene changes with the day's re-
turning:

Tho' grief a night may last, joy comes with
morning.

A general pardon for his foul offences,
The judge dispenses.

10 Sweetly elated with this alteration,
From guilt and anguish, to a free salvation!
Now his employment is to love, to honour,
And praise the donor.

11 Such is the progress of the HOLY SPIRIT;
Charging a sinner with his own demerit:
Brings the conviction home to condem-
nation:

Then brings salvation.
Happy's

12 Happy's the sinner thus by grace re-
mitted!

Both law and gospel have their work com-
pleted:

Justly condemn'd, and then a pardon's
given,

Sent down from heaven.

13 Such my experience, thro' divine com-
passion!

By justice sentenc'd; lo! I see salvation!

Then be my future aim to praise the giver,
Now, and FOR EVER.

Worship him, all his Saints.

H Y N M LVIII.

1 **L**ET us the king of kings adore;
Who answers our complaints;
And manifests his sov'reign pow'r,
O FEAR him, all his saints.

2 This God confers his present aid,
To day as heretofore;
A basis firm in Zion's laid;
O TRUST him, evermore.

The

- 3 The LAW he in his LIFE obey'd!
Our CURSE by DEATH remov'd!
He did it in the sinners' stead!
O LOVE him, his belov'd.
- 4 All ye who to his scepter bend,
And in his laws delight;
Your master's easy yoke commend,
O SERVE him with your might.
- 5 Does JESU's praises ring on high?
By heav'n's triumphant throng?
Let mortals in the subject vie:
O PRAISE him, in your song.
- 6 Before our glorious great high-priest
The elders prostrate fall!
We own him both our LORD and CHRIST;
AND CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.
-

Mevagissey.

H Y M N LIX.

1 YE ransom'd souls rejoice,
Sought out by grace and found;
Lift up your hearts with chearful voice,
And spread the JOYFUL sound.
Salva-

2 SALVATION ALL BY GRACE,
Be now our new-made song!
Salvation for a guilty race,
Employ each loosen'd tongue!

3 Bound down by Satan's chain,
In sin and misery;
JESUS resum'd his lawful reign,
And set the captives free.

4 Transporting mercy this!
Amazing in our sight!
Translated from sin's dread abyfs;
To Jesu's marv'lous light!

5 While Jesus keeps the lead
Who can his sheep anoy?
With songs to Zion, we proceed,
To everlasting joy!

6 There we that face shall see,
Whom now unseen we love!
And spend a vast eternity,
Of happiness above.

Before Preaching.

H Y M N LX.

1 COME all who seek below,
What earth cannot afford,
Your

Your needless toil henceforth forego;
 And seek the LORD:
 Soul-comfort there is none
 By earthly toys bestow'd,
 For solid HAPPINESS alone
 Is found in God.

2 Come all who seek repose
 In a redeeming God,
 The open fountain freely flows
 Of JESU's blood:
 Would you salvation know?
 "In JESU's name believe."
 The gospel terms are easy now,
 "Ask and receive."

3 Come all who here have found
 The cure of Adam's race,
 Who hear, and know the joyful sound,
 Of pard'ning grace:
 With steps enlarg'd go on,
 'Till you obtain the prize!
 And sit with JESUS on his throne,
 Beyond the skies!

Dismission: Praise to the Father.

H Y M N LXI.

FATHER, with joy we prove
This token of thy love,
In thy dear Son:
Accept thy people's praise,
God of unbounded grace,
'Till nobler songs we raise,
Around thy throne.

Another: To the Son.

H Y M N LXII.

LET ev'ry church on earth,
The great Redeemer's worth,
Publish abroad;
Be it to angels known,
What HE for us hath done;
Join heav'n and earth in one,
"Glory to God."

Another: To the Holy Ghost.

H Y M N LXIII.

SPIRIT of holiness
Thro' whom we now possess

All:

All that is good;
 Thou dost (with joy we tell)
 OURSELVES AND CHRIST REVEAL!
 Thou dost both WOUND and HEAL,
 " Glory to God."

Another: To the Trinity.

H Y M N LXIV.

NOW to the three in ONE!
 Who did so sweetly join,
 Man to restore!
 Angels, and men unite,
 Publish with sweet delight,
 Honour, and thanks, and might,
 For evermore.

Another: To the Trinity.

H Y M N LXV.

NOW to the GOD OF GRACE,
 And the dear PRINCE OF PEACE,
 And HOLY GHOST:
 To this great three in one,
 Shout forth a grateful song,

Join

Join ev'ry human tongue,
And heav'nly host.

The two Adams.

H Y M N LXVI.

- 1 **C**OME all the ransom'd race,
Who have in Adam fell,
Behold the second Adam's grace,
Which ransoms you from hell!
- 2 The FATHER lov'd mankind,
And gave his ONLY SON!
Our JESUS, had the cov'nant join'd,
And sprang from off his throne.
- 3 Down to this vale beneath,
With speedy steps he ran!
And dy'd an ignominious death,
To purchase LIFE for man!
- 4 But death could not detain
The mighty pris'ner long,
As soon asunder snap'd it's chain,
And mounted to his throne.
- 5 Now he his spirit sends
The blessings to apply,

That

That he has purchas'd for his friends,
And brings salvation nigh.

6 Yes, full of TRUTH, and GRACE;
JESUS is present here!

We prove Immanuel, GOD WITH US,
'Till we with him appear!

7 Let men and angel-hosts,
Exult in lofty strain:

Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
Shout, heaven and earth,—amen.

The Sinners Friend.

H Y M N LXVII.

1 SHOUT aloud, each human creature,
Join the bright angelic train;
Magnify the Mediator
'Twixt an angry God and man:
Now begin, and NEVER end;
Praise the sinners' ONLY friend.

2 All the perfect law commanded,
He in servant's form obey'd!
All that justice has demanded,
He the utmost farthing paid!

Jesus

Jesus doth his love commend,
Praise the sinners' only friend.

3 See his soul oppress'd with anguish!
See his body sweating blood!
Hear him groan "MY GOD," and languish!
To sustain our pond'rous load!
Let our grateful songs ascend,
Praise the sinners' only friend.

4 See him rise o'er DEATH victorious!
Foiling all the pow'rs of hell!
Re-assumes his seat all-glorious,
His redeeming love to tell!
Angel-pow'r's before him bend!
Praise the sinners' only friend.

5 There his living, dying MERIT,
He presents before the throne!
With us present still in spirit,
Pardon, peace, and joy come down!
Heav'n on earth he now doth send!
Praise the sinners' only friend.

6 Soon he comes to judge his people,
From the fall, by grace restor'd:
He asserts it, each disciple
Shall be like and with his Lord:

Yes,

Yes, with him we shall ascend;
Praise the sinners' only friend.

7 O! what pleasures! like a river;
Sweetly flow at his right hand!
When around his throne FOR EVER,
All his RANSOM'D SHEEP shall stand!
All ETERNITY to spend:
Praise the sinners' ONLY friend.

Worthy is the Lamb.

H Y N M LXVIII.

1 **Y**E faithful souls, who take delight
In JESU's saving name;
Let all your hearts and tongues unite,
Cry "worthy is the Lamb."

2 From heights of glory on his throne,
He saw your guilt and shame;
Compassion, quickly brought him down!
Cry "worthy is the Lamb."

3 When JUSTICE claim'd your death, it's
He paid the total sum! (due,
His death transfers the LIFE to you!
Cry "worthy is the Lamb."

Nor

4 Nor only did his death atone;
 He lives our heav'n to claim!
 Let us with angels round the throne,
 Cry "worthy is the Lamb."

5 This God is ours who justifies;
 Who then shall us condemn?
 Let us while trav'ling to the skies,
 Cry "worthy is the Lamb."

6 Him eye to eye, we there shall see!
 And seeing, be like him!
 And thro' a VAST ETERNITY,
 Cry "worthy is the Lamb."

Another.

H Y M N LXIX.

1 **Y**E souls redeem'd by precious blood,
 Who JESUS do esteem;
 Come, trace the bounties of your God:
 Cry "worthy is the Lamb."

2 Redeem'd, from sin; and death and hell;
 And guilt, and fear, and shame:
 Your great Redeemer's goodness tell,
 Cry "worthy is the Lamb."

Our

- 3 Our dying ever-living friend,
Deserves immortal fame!
Who lov'd, will love us to the end;
Cry "worthy is the Lamb."
- 4 Enter'd for us, within the veil,
His love is still the same;
His speaking blood must still prevail:
Cry "worthy is the Lamb."
- 5 We soon shall join yon glorious throng,
To live, to REIGN with him!
And then, without a stamm'ring tongue,
Cry, "worthy is the Lamb."
- 6 O! what a transport there, and then!
On this delightful theme:
While angel-quires, and ransom'd men,
Cry "worthy is the Lamb."

The Believers' Portion: I will be their God.

H Y M N LXX.

1 **H**OW mysterious are thy ways,
O thou God of boundless grace!
In the covenant, I see
Thou hast giv'n THYSELF to me!

Q

Bless

Blest I am, compleatly blest,
Being of a God possess'd!
Who my portion dare explode,
Whilst I claim the Lord, my God?

2 Since thou giv'st thyself to me,
All is mine that is in thee!
Riches, here, which cannot fail;
Thou art God unchangeable:
Substance, more than can be told!
Laid in bags which wax not old!
Heav'nly treasure, while beneath,
"God will be my guide to death."

3 This affords me comfort now,
Which the stranger cannot know!
I partake angelic bliss,
Since the Lord my portion is!
Worldly grandeur, get ye hence;
God is my inheritance!
Such, the world hath to give,
Nor hereof can e'er deprive.

4 Worldly men may count in strange,
God and man should thus exchange!
Yet, it is a truth divine,
Each, can call the other "mine."
Matchless stoop! and favour this!
"He is mine, and I am his."

I the

I the Lord's salvation prove!
Happy; happy in his love!

Self Dedication. They shall be my People.

H Y M N LXXI.

1 GRACIOUS Lord whose should I be?
Made, preserv'd, redeem'd by thee;
All my blessings are thy loan:
I can render but thine own:
Me if thou wilt please to take,
Dedication here I make;
Thro' thy grace, I this can do:
'Tis a free-will off'ring too.

2 I will praise while here I live,
Thee who did'st my being give;
Fashion'd by that hand of thine,
Partly human, part divine!
Form'd celestials to pervade!
Little less than angel made!
All my pow'rs I here resign;
Great CREATOR, all are thine.

3 Lord by thy protecting pow'r,
Kept I've been in danger's hour;
Screen'd

Screen'd from evil, blest with good,
 Strength, and ease, and cloaths, and food;
 Nourish'd by thy CARE, and LOVE,
 'Tis in thee I live, and move:
 Sure my soul and body too,
 Kind preserver! are thy due.

4 But the PRICE my ransom cost!
 This displays thy goodness most!
 Sold in sin, by law pursu'd,
 Thou hast bought me with thy blood!
 Purchas'd at so dear a rate,
 Dare I play with God the cheat?
 Thou who did'st my soul redeem!
 Take, whate'er I have, or am.

5 Made, preserv'd, and ransom'd then,
 To my center turn'd again;
 Sov'reign grace doth all subdue,
 By, and for thee made anew;
 Lord, my soul gives full consent:
 This reciprocal cement,
 Shall inviolable prove,
 'Till we join in bliss above.

6 Now, no more I am my own,
 I belong to thee alone;
 Henceforth may my efforts be
 To obey, and follow thee;

Let

Let the pow'r henceforth be giv'n,
Be it done as 'tis in heav'n:
'Till I reach that bright abode,
I'm the property of God.

Bristol Hymn.

H Y M N LXXII.

1 **L**ET all the souls that breathe,
Praise him in joyful strain,
Who by his meritorious DEATH,
Hath ransom'd men!
Our sin had death pull'd down
On each devoted head,
But, CHRIST the wine-press trod alone,
In sinners' stead.

2 JUSTICE for vengeance cries,
Nought can appease but blood:
But CHRIST is made a sacrifice!
Approv'd of God:
Obedience unto death,
He wrought in sinners' stead;
And he that claims a Christ by faith,
Is free indeed.

This

3 This living faith divine
Thro' sov'reign grace have I!
And humbly call the saviour MINE!
And here rely!
To him alone I look,
When earth and hell assail;
My soul is built upon that Rock
Which cannot fail.

4 My ready heart begins,
And actuates my voice;
In him who saves me from my sins
I will rejoice:
My time, my strength I spend,
With pleasure to proclaim,
The NEEDY sinner's ONLY friend;
The slaughter'd Lamb.

5 O that I could engage
More voices to unite,
'Till every human sex, and age,
Herein delight;
Charm'd by the saviour's LOVE,
We heav'n-ward should aspire;
And happiness in God should prove,
Like yonder quire!

6 What a transporting song!
In that delightful place;

Where

Where all the countless, ransom'd throng,
 Unite in praise!
 When casting each his crown
 Before the SAVIOUR's face!
 Our hearts shall feel, and tongues shall own,
 " 'Tis all by GRACE."

Dismission.

H Y M N LXXIII.

TAKE us into thy protection;
 God of everlasting grace:
 By unerring, kind direction,
 Lead us on, to see thy face:
 Landed on that heav'nly shore,
 We shall meet, to part no more.

Another.

IN the arms of thy compassion,
 Great omnipotent we fall;
 As a bulwark give salvation
 Kindly to protect us ALL:
 Till we guided by thy love,
 Join the general church above.

Another.

H Y M N LXIV.

LORD, who now hast blest our meeting,
 Bless us while from each apart;
 Let us still on thee be waiting.

Take and keep our every heart:
 We shall then thro' thee go on,
 'Till we meet around thy throne.

Another.

H Y M N LXXV.

LORD thy love is vastly sweeter
 Than this world and all therein,
 One day in thy courts is better
 Than ten-thousand spent in sin!

With thy presence, &c.
 We our heav'n on earth begin.

Another.

H Y M N LXXVI.

O Jesus lead us on,
 And land us on that shore,
 Where pleasures issue from thy throne,
 And flow for evermore.

A Thanksgiving.

H Y M N LXXVII.

1 **G**LORY, and honour, thanks, and
praise,

We render thee our God of grace:
Assist our hearts, unloose our tongues;
And then, accept our grateful songs.

2 Thou Lord did'st leave thy blest abode;
And flying on the wings of love,
Cam'st down to earth (amazing stoop!)
That thou might'st lift the fall'n up.

3 Fallen alas! we helpless lay,
Sold under sin; yea, Satan's prey;
But help from out of Zion came;
Thanks to our great deliv'rer's name!

4 JESUS, thy pow'r hath Satan's broke,
And freed us from the tyrant's yoke:
With joy we shout, from bondage freed,
"The SON hath made us free indeed!"

5 With loosen'd tongues we lift our voice,
With grateful hearts in thee rejoice;
And here with angel-quires agree
In singing praises, Lord, to thee.

R

Accept

6 Accept great God, our mutual songs,
 Thou know'st our hearts, thou hear'st our
 tongues;
 As incense let our praises rise,
 Thro' Christ, accepted in thine eyes,

Everlasting.

H Y M N LXXVIII.

- 1 **T**O thee O Lord, my thanks I bring,
 I wou'd adore thy ways!
 With nobler pow'rs I hope to sing
 Thy EVERLASTING praise!
- 2 An alien reconcil'd to God!
 This, this my happy case!
 My tongue shall publish forth aloud,
 Thy everlasting GRACE!
- 3 When sinking fast to endless death,
 THY arm did me restore!
 O may I sing with latest breath,
 Thy everlasting Pow'R!
- 4 When press'd beneath sin's pond'rous
 Thou did'st that load remove: (load,
 Help me my God to spread abroad
 Thy everlasting LOVE!

Nor

5 Nor once forgiv'n; but oft' restor'd,
Thou did'st my manners bear!

I own, and wou'd leave on record,
Thy everlasting CARE.

6 I soon shall be redeem'd from earth,
And LIKE, and WITH my Lord;

The faithful promise is gone forth,
Thy everlasting WORD!

7 There I my JESUS shall enjoy,
And see him as he is!

And all my faculties employ,
In EVERLASTING BLISS!

For the Sabbath.

H Y M N LXXIX.

1 **O** Thou who hast the sabbath-day
On sinful men bestow'd,
Therefore, we join to sing, and say,
"All glory be to God!"

2 Hail! heav'n and earth's exalted king,
Who bought us with his blood!
Thy ransom'd follow'rs gladly sing,
"All glory be to God!"

If

- 3 If visits are so pleasant here,
O! what is that abode,
Where myriads in the concert share!
“ All glory be to God!”
- 4 If in thy courts one transient day,
Such bliss is oft’ bestow’d,
O! what to shout eternally,
“ All glory be to God!”
- 5 There with the glorious, countless throng,
In accents sweet and loud,
This shall be our perpetual song,
“ All glory be to God!”

For the Evening.

H Y M N LXXX.

- 1 **O** Thou precious God, and saviour,
Help me now to praise and pray;
I thro’ grace enjoy thy favour,
Ev’ry night, and ev’ry day!
All I have, and all I am,
Shall thy guardian care proclaim.
- 2 My grand enemy the devil,
Fiercely doth a worm withstand!

Then

Then insinuating evil,
 Lies conceal'd on every hand;
 Counsel or support there's none,
 But from thee my God alone.

3 But thou never did'st deceive me,
 Wherefore should I doubt or fear?
 Yea, hast said "I'll never leave thee."

Therefore on thee cast my care:
 Thee I oft' have prov'd my friend;
 Thou wilt love me to the end.

4 With my gracious shepherd leading,
 Sweetly I by day go on;
 And in thy green pastures feeding,
 Safely I at night lie down:
 Shepherd of thy feeble sheep,
 Safely thou thy charge dost keep.

5 Succour'd thus awake and sleeping,
 Firm upon the Rock I stand;
 While beneath JEHOVAH's keeping,
 None can pluck me from thy hand:
 In thy mighty hand I fall;
 Be thou to me all in all,

On the Passion.

H Y M N LXXXI.

1 **S**INNERS, behold the man!
 Behold the suff'ring God!
 Deliver'd up to grief and pain,
 And sweating blood!
 When God was justly wroth,
 For crimes that we had done,
 It pleas'd him to bruise to death,
 His ONLY SON!

2 Behold him prostrate lie,
 Before JEHOVAH's feet!
 That ardent soul-afflicting cry,
 Can you forget?
 "If there be other hope
 "To set the captives free,
 "O Father let this bitter cup
 "Depart from me."

3 In vain, release he pleads;
 No OTHER can atone;
 And he the dreadful wine-press treads,
 Himself ALONE!
 Betray'd, forsook, deny'd,
 Accurs'd, and doom'd to die!

Our

Our substitute the whole supply'd,
On him rely.

4 To Calvary look up!
Behold his conflict there!
The rugged nails, the bitter cup,
The bloody spear!
My GOD! my GOD, he cries!
Tortur'd with racking pain;
Then bows his sacred head; and dies;
Our life to gain!

5 Look unto him, and mourn:
Who full of TRUTH and GRACE,
The dread desert of sin hath borne,
For Adam's race!
JEHOVAH hath reveal'd,
Believers are forgiv'n:
For by HIS stripes we now are heal'd,
And meet for heav'n!

Another.

H Y M N LXXXII.

1 O Lamb of GOD, whose precious blood
Was spilt on Calvary!

To

To remove the guilty load
Of sinners, LOST like ME!
Thy bitter cries, and agonies,
Did blifs for me procure!
When the sp'rit the blood applies,
My pardon is secure.

2 Thy deep distress aloud express,
Thro' all thy life below,
From the manger to the cross,
Thou wert a man of woe!
Satan, with man, betime began,
God did permission lend;
Fill'd up all thy life with pain,
'Till pain with life did end.

3 When I survey Gethsemane,
And thee conflicting there!
Thy amazing agony!
Thy thrice-repeated pray'r!
Thy pond'rous load! thy sweating blood!
O prostrate there he lies!
Thus to view the MIGHTY God,
My soul is all surprize!

4 What tongue can tell what thou didst feel
When at thy creatures bar!
Sinners, set on fire of hell,
Their wrath aloud declare!

They

They crown with thorns, they treat with
 Thy right of princely claim! (scorn,
 Then, fictitiously adorn,
 To scourge, accuse, condemn!

5 But, O! his load upon the wood!
 Of wounds, and racking pain;
 There he bore the wrath of God,
 The just desert of men!
 Oh! heart-felt sighs, "MY GOD!" (he cries)
 "AM I FORSOOK BY THEE?"
 There—the great IMMORTAL dies!
 And dies for love—of ME!

6 My inmost soul is more than full,
 With mingled grief and love!
 The benign effects of all,
 Thro' grace I sweetly prove!
 My future days, I'll spend in praise,
 For love so clearly shewn;
 Then record REDEEMING GRACE!
 FOR EVER, round thy throne.

For Easter-Day.

H Y M N LXXXIII.

1 **V**IEW my soul the grand transaction;
 See, thy God resumes his breath;
 S Sing

Sing his glorious refurrection
 Who could not be held by death!
 Let the faithful rise and sing,
 Shout the great exalted king.

2 This his wond'rous rising token,
 Lo! an angel is come down!
 See the mighty seal is broken!
 Hark! he rolls away the stone!
 Let the faithful rise and sing,
 Shout the great exalted king.

3 Death, and Satan fall affrighted,
 All as dead the keepers lie!
 But his foll'wers are delighted,
 While HE tells them "it is I!"
 Let the faithful rise and sing,
 Shout the great exalted king.

4 Rise my soul o'er sin victorious,
 With thy living head arise;
 Follow him who reigns all-glorious,
 Far above the lofty skies:
 Let the faithful rise and sing,
 Shout the great exalted king.

5 Yes, thy SAVIOUR'S gone before thee,
 Now both sits thee and thy place!
 There

There prepares an heav'n of glory!

Here bestows an heav'n of grace!

Let the faithful rise and sing,

Shout the great exalted king.

6 As the earnest now is given,

Thou possession canst not miss,

CHRIST is all, in earth, and heaven;

Thou shalt see him as he is!

Let the faithful rise and sing;

Shout the great exalted king.

Another.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

1 **L**ET the redeemed of the Lord,
 Arise from nature's gloom;
 With heart, and tongue, in sweet accord,
 Singing, to Zion come:

Be it to all the nations known

God's act of grace is free!

The prison doors are open thrown,

'Tis gospel jubilee!

2 The gospel trumpet's joyful sound

Is gone thro' all the earth;

Sinners, in Satan's shackles bound

Are loof'd, and call'd "come forth."

Thro'

Thro' Jesu's rising doth appear,
 A sinner-quick'ning grace!
 This is the acceptable year,
 Of captive souls release.

3 Then let us now with Christ arise,
 Our liberty assert;
 And upward to our native skies
 Our EV'RY pow'r exert:
 Our glorious Captain's gone before,
 He will conduct us on;
 'Till landed on that heav'nly shore,
 We by his side sit down.

Another.

H Y M N LXXXV.

1 **L**ET all the saints of God
 Spread thro' the earth abroad,
 In joyful strains;
 The mighty Captive's freed,
 He lives who once was dead!
 The Lord is ris'n indeed,
 Messiah reigns.

2 Not all the pow'rs beneath,
 Of Satan, sin, or death,

With

With all their chains,
 Our MIGHTY GOD cou'd bind;
 He left them foil'd behind;
 The friend of human kind,
 Messiah reigns.

3 Pleading his speaking blood
 Before the throne of God,
 Still he remains:
 Rob'd in pontific vest,
 There stands our great high-priest!
 Exalted, LORD, and CHRIST,
 Messiah reigns.

4 When our exalted Lord
 Our mansions hath prepar'd,
 And purg'd our stains;
 Caught up together we,
 Him eye to eye shall see!
 Shout thro' ETERNITY,
 MESSIAH reigns!

Another.

H Y M N LXXXVI.

1 **T**HE prince of peace and love,
 Now lives, to die no more!
 He

He sits at God's right-hand, above;
 In regal pow'r:
 Confin'd awhile he lay
 In death's tyrannic chains!
 But, his right-hand won victory:
 Messiah reigns.

2 By this grand vict'ry won,
 He wrought our soul's release;
 His BLOOD did for our sins atone,
 And bought our PEACE:
 His precious death's desert
 He claims, and he obtains;
 And now, we sing with grateful hearts,
 Messiah reigns.

3 The SPIRIT is come down,
 In answer to our pray'r;
 And dwelling in, he with his own
 Doth witness bear!
 He throughly shall convert,
 And purge out all our stains;
 'Till in his people's every heart
 Messiah reigns.

4 In heav'n his person sits,
 (As in his spirit here,)
 And there a glorious mansion fits
 For every heir!

He

He cries "I quickly come"
 In what seraphic strains,
 Shall we exult, when safely home!
 Messiah reigns!

5 We eye to eye shall see
 That once besmeared face!
 And our INCARNATE DEITY,
 With joy embrace!
 There shall the LAMB's own bride
 Traverse the glorious plains!
 And shout, while seated by his side;
 MESSIAH REIGNS!

For Whitsunday.

H Y M N LXXXVII.

1 COME ransom'd sinners spread abroad
 the praises,
 Of the once dead, now ever-living Jesus;
 He by his suff'rings, death and exaltation,
 Wrought our salvation!

2 The mighty conq'rer now the tomb hath
 rended,
 His native heaven gloriously ascended!
 Our

Our great fore-runner enters for us truly;
In the Most-Holy;

3 There our HIGH-PRIEST, his sacrifice is
pleading;

And for his people EVER interceding:
God always hears him, sending every favour
Down thro' the saviour.

4 Not for the worthy, who correct have lived,
But the rebellious, have his gifts received:
Gratis, he gives to hell-deserving creatures!
Yea, to us traitors.

5 Bone of our bone; our faithful friend;
and brother;
Claimeth the promise of his righteous father:
And thro' his living, and his dying merit,
Sends down the SPIRIT.

6 Shout ye waste places, never, never ceas-
ing;
Render to Jesus, glory, thanks, and blessing:
Worship and honour, wisdom and salvation;
Shout, all creation.

Another.

H Y M N LXXXVIII.

1 **Y**E who know the great salvation,
 Lift ye up your joyful eyes,
 View your Saviour's exaltation,
 With your great fore-runner rise:

JESU's subjects,
 Greet your King above the skies.

2 Think ye on the tragic story,
 What he did on earth for you;
 He remembers you in glory,
 Now his regal honours view!

Bow to JESUS,
 Angel-quires revere him too.

3 He hath conquer'd every evil,
 His right-hand alone did quell,
 All our foes; yea, crush'd the devil,
 Foil'd the pow'rs of death and hell!
 All triumphant!

JESUS is gone up to dwell.

4 Now his promis'd HOLY SPIRIT,
 On his people he sends down;
 HE applies the Saviour's MERIT,
 Owns, and SEALS us for his OWN!

He renews us,
 He will raise us to thy throne!

T

Tho'

5 Tho' awhile we're not together;
 Still he doth his Love commend;
 Yesterday, to-day and ever,
 He descends and we ascend!
 Sweet communion
 Still we hold with Christ our friend!

6 Now, we sit in heav'nly places;
 Then, a heav'n on earth we prove!
 Now, we rest in his embraces!
 Then he casts a look of love!
 Bliss encreasing,
 And shall still encrease above!

Another.

H Y M N LXXXIX.

1 **L**ET all who are risen
 With Christ from the dead,
 Reflect on what's given,
 Thro' him our great head.
 O glorious ascension!
 Our Jesus arose,
 To fit up a mansion
 In bliss, for his spouse!

Exalted

2 Exalted in glory
 Our fore-runner stands;
 To tell his dire story,
 And shew his pierc'd hands!
 He claims of the father,
 The promised boon;
 United together,
 The spirit comes down,

3 Yes, JESUS's merit
 From God doth obtain
 And sends down the spirit,
 With GIFTS unto MEN;
 • HE comforts, and feeds us,
 In pastures of GRACE;
 And soon he will lead us
 To SEE his dear face.

4 United to JESUS,
 By faith, fear, and love;
 This union shall rise us
 Compleatly above!
 Tho' satan opposes
 Our travel to bliss,
 Our HEAD never looses
 One member of his.

5 From Christ as a fountain,
 Sweet rivers do glide:

With

With pleasures surmounting,
 All transports beside!
 With bliss without measure
 Our cup will run o'er!
 'Tis fullness of pleasure,
 That lasts EVERMORE.

Another.

H Y M N XC.

1 **R**EJOICE, ye ransom'd souls rejoice;
 GOD is gone up with chearful noise,
 To re-assume his sov'reign pow'r:
 The Lamb of GOD who once was slain,
 Nor death, nor satan could detain,
 But lo! he lives to die no more.

2 The blood that did for you atone,
 He now presents before the throne,
 In vain he cannot intercede:
 The blood which speaketh better things
 Than Abel's blood, the spirit brings;
 And joins the MEMBERS to their HEAD!

3 This day the PROMISE is fulfil'd,
 The hidden mystery reveal'd,

The

The HOLY GHOST sent down to men;
Sinners, believe the tidings true,
The promis'd blessing is to you,
Now then, the gospel call attend.

4 Open your hearts to take him in,
Who comes to SAVE you from your sin,
To strip you of your filthy dress:
Sinners, the Lord is now at hand,
You cannot in the judgment stand,
But in your Saviour's righteousness.

5 But, you who know your Saviour's love,
Whose heart and treasure lies above,
Your anchor stedfast is and sure;
Your Jordan quickly shall divide,
And you shall gain the yonder side,
Where all is PEACE for evermore,

For Christmas-Day.

H Y M N XCI.

I REJOICE, ye ransom'd race,
Sing of your Saviour's love;
Our JESUS, full of truth, and grace,
Comes from above.

Abandon

Abandon all your fears,
While of his love you tell;
Sing the auspicious name he bears,
IMMANUEL!

2 The high and lofty one,
The mighty, MIGHTY GOD,
To our degenerate world came down,
An earthly clod!
Let ev'ry breast on earth
With pleasing rapture swell,
'And shout at the Redeemer's birth,
IMMANUEL!

3 Hark! from the lofty sky
They sing in rapt'rous strain!
"All glory be to GOD on high
"And peace to men;
"On this thrice happy morn
"The tidings we will tell,
"An ALL-SUFFICIENT SAVIOUR's born,
"IMMANUEL!"

4 Let mortals catch the sound,
And join the happy theme;
And over angels' praise abound
Of JESU's name:

"To.

"To you is born," they sing;
 "TO US IS GIV'N"—we feel!
 And now adore our new-born King,
 IMMANUEL!

5 Shall GOD the father give
 The choicest gift of heav'n,
 And shall not MAN the gift receive,
 So freely giv'n?
 Yes, Lord, amaz'd we see,
 The gift unspeakable!
 With open arms we welcome thee,
 IMMANUEL!

6 Come then incarnate God,
 Thy willing subjects save;
 Thou PRINCE OF PEACE, our flesh and
 In thee we have! (blood,
 O make our hearts thy throne,
 Amidst thy people dwell,
 Now on thy head we place the crown
 IMMANUEL!

Another.

H Y M N XCII.

1 **W**HO on earth can see a reason
 Why the ransom'd shou'd not sing
 To

To behold this happy season,
 Giving birth to Christ our king:
 Here, all human hopes depend;
 This, the sinners' only friend.

2 Hark! a voice comes down from heaven!
 " Tidings, tidings, sweet and good!
 " Unto you a child is given,
 " Son of MAN, and MIGHTY GOD!
 " We the myst'ry long to view,
 " But the blessing comes to you.

3 " You our GOD delights to favour!
 " Comes in person you to bless!
 " Comes an ALL-SUFFICIENT SAVIOUR:
 " For the vilest, full of GRACE!
 " Shout, thro' heav'n and earth abroad,
 " PEACE to men, and PRAISE to GOD.

Part the Second.

4 Lo! we echo back the praises,
 To the songsters in the skies;
 While they tidings bring of JESUS,
 May our notes exalted rise.
 With yon multitude we cry
 " Glory be to GOD on high."

5 Who can tell what we discover,
 In IMMANUEL come down!

Angels

Angels' God, the sinners' Lover,
Is become our flesh and bone!
Join'd to Christ our living head,
We from Satan's bonds are freed!

6 Yes, the firm, the mystic union,
(To a stupid world unknown)
Gives the faithful sweet communion
With the Father, and the Son!
While we in his name are met,
We in heav'nly places sit!

7 He hath in our flesh ascended,
Re-assum'd his sov'reign pow'r;
Soon the MEMBERS shall be landed
Where the HEAD is gone before!
There in heights of glorious bliss,
We shall see him as he is!

8 JESUS, come, and reign victorious
In the kingdom of thy grace:
Make us thro' thy spirit glorious;
Then transport, to see thy face:
There ETERNITY to spend,
Praising thee world without end.

Another.

H Y M N XCIII.

1 **W**HO can explore redeeming grace,
To fallen Adam's ruin'd race?
Explore they may, but cannot find
How GOD took on him human kind!

2 This is the hidden mystery,
Into which angels love to pry!
But, angels cannot comprehend,
How GOD e'en thus shou'd condescend!

3 Yet angels bring the tidings down,
And usher in GOD'S ONLY SON;
A SAVIOUR for the LOST proclaim!
And shout the great IMMANUEL's name!

4 "Glory to GOD," their song we join,
When each can say, this "GOD is mine."
Then wou'd we spread thro' earth abroad,
"Good will to MEN, glory to GOD."

5 Be it to men, to angels known,
What JESUS, for his CHURCH hath done!
HE in our nature bore our curse!
And we enjoy him, "GOD WITH US!"

6 The mighty GOD became a child!
That rebels might be reconcil'd.

In

In life and death the law obey'd!
And our enormous debt hath paid!

7 Now JUSTICE can demand no more:
From our account, he blots the score!
Adorns us in his righteousness!
And takes us in his kind embrace!

8 Ye angels! who came with delight
To earth; we cannot you requite;
But hope to join you 'bove the sky,
And shout, "glory to God on high."

Another.

H Y M N XCIV.

1 **H**ARK! to the glorious band!
Who with an herald stand,
Shouting aloud!
'Tis an angelic throng!
Gabriel begins the song,
Join ev'ry human tongue,
"Glory to God."

2 "Tidings of joy we bring,
"To you is born a King,
"Your flesh and blood!

"On

" On this thrice happy morn
 " The HOLY CHILD is born;
 " Mortals, your praise return,
 " Glory to God."

3 " Thro' YOUR IMMANUEL,
 " Your foes of earth and hell,
 " All are subdu'd!
 " Yet, we cannot explain
 " What the sweet words contain;
 " Peace and good-will to men,
 " Glory to God."

4 O ye angelic quire,
 Our heav'n-born souls aspire
 To your abode:
 Warm'd by the sacred flame
 Of our IMMANUEL's name,
 We join our happy theme;
 Glory to God.

5 JESUS, our hope and friend,
 Will all our steps attend,
 This narrow road:
 Then shall the ransom'd throng,
 Sweet as an angel-tongue,
 Shout, in the joyful song;
 " Glory to God."

Another.

H Y M N XCV.

1 **G**LORY to Christ our Saviour king,
(Let all his people say)

Let ev'ry loyal subject sing,

And hail the King's birth-day!

Proclaim thro' all the earth abroad,

In sweet and lofty strain,

"The tabernacle of our God,

"Is now set up with MEN."

2 The mystery so long conceal'd,

Which angels pry to know,

Is clearly now to man reveal'd,

God manifest below!

T'accomplish what his grace design'd

He took our flesh and blood!

The manhood, to the God-head join'd,

To make us NIGH to God.

3 Let ev'ry waste and desert place,

Make his salvation known,

The heathen land his eye surveys,

And claims them for his own!

Turning to Zion we rejoice,

Poor aliens are brought nigh;

And shouting join, with heart and voice,

"Glory to God on high."

While

4 While angels left their seats above,
 To sing redeeming grace,
 " Glory to GOD, the GOD of LOVE,
 " Good will to men, and peace,
 Let us in emulation sweet,
 Our voice with angels raise;
 Till we, with them, in glory meet,
 To shout IMMANUEL's praise.

Another.

H Y M N XCVI,

1 **C**OME all who have ears, let them
 hear,
 Come all who can speak with their tongue;
 While God doth to mortals draw near,
 Let mortals unite in their song:
 The love of our God is so great,
 He hath not with-held his dear Son!
 To save from our fallen estate,
 And raise us with joy to his throne.

2 Record the glad day of his birth,
 JEHOVAH to man is come down!
 To visit his creatures on earth,
 And claim his redeem'd for his own:
 Tho' Satan usurping hath been,
 And gain'd an abundant success:

Our

Our JESUS shall save us from sin,
And fully restore us by grace.

3 Our mighty deliv'rer is come,
Proclaiming the great jubilee!
His grace hath revers'd our sad doom,
And set the poor captives quite free!
We know not the way nor the how!
The myst'ry all reason o'erpow'rs!
Yet lo! the inheritance now,
The purchas'd possession is our's.

4 Then let us in praises be found,
Now mortals with angels can vie,
Shall angels or mortals abound?
" All praise to Jehovah on high:
" To him who hath lov'd us so great,
" And ransom'd our souls by his blood,
" The theme we FOR EVER repeat,
" All honour and glory to God."

*A Funeral Hymn.---On the Death of Richard
Ellis, who died Nov. 29th, 1768.*

H Y M N XCVII.

1 **A**LL thanks to the shepherd of souls,
Who laid down his life for the sheep;
In

In earthly and heavenly folds,
 His own he securely doth keep;
 Conflicting, his succour they know;
 Tho' foil'd, they the victory prove;
 Then rescu'd from trials below,
 • He folds them in glory above!

2 These favours, from first, unto last,
 We trust to our brother is given;
 Thro' dangers unnumber'd he past,
 And safely is landed in heaven:
 Where raptur'd in glorious surprize,
 With beamings from Jesus's face!
 Both loud and harmonious he cries,
 "All glory to God for his grace."

3 The angels arise at the sound,
 Which flows from that eloquent tongue:
 And list'ning, new pleasures abound
 In heaven, to hear the NEW SONG!
 Then all with the stranger unite,
 Enraptur'd with Jesus's name!
 "All wisdom, all honour, all might,
 "All glory, to God and the LAMB."

4 O! who upon earth can explain!
 O! who upon earth can conceive!
 Where Jesus in glory doth reign,
 What his happy ransom'd receive!

The

The PRINCE and the SUBJECTS are ONE,
In that ever-blissful abode,
They sit by his side, on his throne,
All kings, and all priests unto God!

5 May we as good soldiers below,
Enlist under JESU's command,
Him follow where-e'er he doth go,
And having done ALL, may we stand:
'Till wafted by infinite grace,
We land on the heavenly shore,
Where all is assurance, and peace,
And pleasures that last evermore.

Another Funeral Hymn.

H Y M N XCVIII.

1 COME join ye ransom'd sinners,
To you this grace is given,
To shout his praise—who by his grace
Removes our friend to heaven:

JESUS alone is worthy,
Who fallen sinners raises,
From deep distress—to glorious bliss
To have eternal praises.

2 Beyond the reach of Satan,
Secure from ev'ry danger;

X

By

By faith and hope——e'en now look up,
See, how they greet the stranger!

“Thrice welcome to the kingdom,

“Thy soul is safely landed,

“To share with us——the glorious bliss,

“Which NEVER can be ended!”

3 O'erwhelm'd with new-found rapture,
With saints and angels banded!

With sweet surprize——the stranger cries,

“Where is my spirit landed!

“O! with what faint description,

“Did preachers tell the story!

“Not half was told——what I behold,

“'Tis endless weight of glory!”

4 Now lost in silent wonder,

For such amazing favour;

Then all the throng——in new-made song,

Adore the common Saviour:

“To him who freely lov'd us,

“The blessed, precious Jesus,

“Who once was slain——and lives again!

“Be everlasting praises.”

5 O who wou'd basely loiter?

And loose those joys unceasing!

Lord, may we rise——and grasp the prize,

The Saviour's purchas'd blessing:

That

That when by death, or judgment,
The awful call is given,
Thou may'st us own—and say “well done,
“ Now, enter into heaven.”

Another.

H Y M N XCIX.

1 **T**HIS is JEHOVAH's fix'd decree,
On all the race of Adam born:
“ Fashion'd you are of dust by me,
“ And shall again to dust return.”

2 Yet, when these mortal bodies drop;
The faithful SOUL shall be restor'd,
They have in death a lively hope,
To reign for ever with the LORD.

3 At death's approach, they life review,
And trace the foot-steps of their God:
He plac'd them in, he brought them thro'
The good, tho' narrow, rugged road.

4 Now heav'n-ward looks th'aspiring soul!
A different scene affects the eyes:
They grasp in death the wish'd-for goal!
Beyond, they see the glorious prize!

“ My

5 " My race is run, my battle's fought;
 " I've kept (they cry) the faithful word;
 " A crown of righteousness laid up
 " For me,—and all that love the Lord."

6 Such, may thus triumph o'er their foes,
 Their ev'ry conflict now is o'er:
 O may WE live, and die like those;
 And meet them on the heav'nly shore.

*For a Fast-Day.—Written Feb. 9th, 1779,
 in time of the American War.*

H Y M N C.

1 **A** WAKE Britannia's sons,
 O hear, and know the Rod,
 With humble, penitential groans,
 " Prepare to meet thy God."

2 Behold thy num'rous foes,
 Without thee and within!
 Surely for this there is a cause,
 Surely 'tis for our SIN.

3 Our armies have begun
 To draw the bloody sword;
 Our sins, O may we humbly own,
 And turn unto the LORD.

Abroad,

- 4 Abroad, the sword bereaves!
At home, it is as death!
He only, who in Christ believes,
A certain refuge hath.
- 5 The secret chamber this,
Which screens from threaten'd wrath;
Enter and find eternal bliss;
And 'scape eternal death.
-

Another.

H Y M N C I.

- 1 **O** Thou just and jealous God,
Regard thy people's cry;
See our land by sin o'erflow'd!
Which bodes destruction nigh:
Sin thy mark has always been;
There thou aim'st thy vengeful hand:
Stop the torrent of our sin,
And spare a guilty land.
- 2 Angels who their station left,
Were soon expell'd from heav'n!
Adam, for his pride and theft,
Was out of Eden driv'n!
Egypt, prov'd thy plagues break in,
Thro' opposing thy command;
Stop

Stop the torrent of our sin,
And spare a guilty land.

3 Sodom and Gomorrah, felt
For sin thy anger's heat:
The sev'n nations, great in guilt,
Prov'd indignation great:
When thou dost in wrath begin,
Who thy judgments may withstand?
Stop the torrent of our sin,
And spare a guilty land.

4 Thy peculiar, CHOSEN SEED,
Thy favour'd Isr'el race;
When their sins the land o'erspread,
Thou didst not by them pass;
Judgment at thy house was seen,
They severely felt thy hand;
Stop the torrent of our sin,
And spare a guilty land.

5 Dare we think our crimes are less,
Or, thou regardless grown?
No: the slights of thy grace,
Call for thy judgments down:
Jesus, interpose between;
In the gap our day's-man stand:
Stop the torrent of our sin,
And spare a guilty land.

At Meat.

H Y M N CII.

O What hath our FATHER prepar'd
 For all his great household above!
 Since here he so kindly hath car'd,
 For all his dear objects of love:
 While JESUS below is our GUEST,
 We sip of the heavenly stream!
 But, O! how transporting the feast,
 For ever to banquet with him:

Another.

H Y M N CIII.

THOU Lord of thy goodness hast blest
 The people unworthy thy love!
 And now hast provided a feast,
 With food from below, and above!
 The upper and the nether spring,
 Flow out from thy bounty all free!
 With humble thanksgiving we sing,
 All, all our fresh springs are in thee.

Another.

H. Y. M. N. CIV.

A GAIN are sent down
 Thy gifts from thy throne;
 Thou parent of good:
 It pours——in show'rs,
 From thy inexhaustable stores;
 We open our mouths, thou fill'st them with
 Then thou canst not deny (food:
 Thy children who cry,
 For Heavenly bread;
 Thou wilt not upbraid us,
 Nor with a stone feed us,
 Whose bodies are fed;
 We adore thee for this,
 And look up for the bliss,
 Which flows from our head.

F I N I S.



